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BIOGRAPHY.

For the Monthly Anthology.

LIFE OF RICHARD BENTLEY, D. D.

[Continued from page 525.]

Τιμιωτατα μεν και πρωτα τα περι την ψυχην αγαθα.—PLAT. de Leg. IV.

In 1728 the members of Trinity College renewed their attacks upon their master. A charge of violating statutes, wasting the college revenues, &c. &c., was exhibited to the Bishop of Ely, in sixty-five articles. These contained a recapitulation of their former grievances, and a considerable addition to the number of their imaginary evils. This *catalogue*, accompanied by a petition, was presented to the bishops, although the most eminent lawyers, in the year 1712, had given their opinion that the crown possessed the general visitatorial power, as well as over the master in particular.

While the establishing of the visitor was in debate, and Bentley's enemies in his college were busily employed in accumulating charges of violation of statutes, &c. &c. his quarrel with the university was finally determined in his favour. Those enemies who had contributed to his degradation now found all their efforts vain, and their machinations defeated, while the publick, in general, were confirmed in their opinion of the illegality and violence of the measures, which the university had pursued. With respect to these proceedings a cause was long in agitation at the court of King's Bench*, where the propriety of the vice-chancellor's conduct was disputed. The ministry did not wish to exert their authority any farther on the occasion; but the court reversed the decree of the university, and a mandamus was sent to Cambridge, on the 7th of February, 1728, to order that Mr. Bentley should be restored to all the degrees and honours of which he had been deprived.

In the first divinity act, after Dr. Bentley was restored to his degrees, he moderated himself as professor in the publick schools. Dr. John Addenbroke, afterwards Dean of Litchfield, appeared as respondent for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, who had taken a very active part against Bentley in the senate-house, when his de-

* For a list of the pamphlets published during the conclusion of these disputes, we must refer to the ingenious Mr. Gough's British Topog. Vol. I.

gradation was the subject of debate. His first question was :

I. *Galei argumenta non valent contra pædobaptismum ?* The professor objected to the terms of it, because it confined the question to Gale's arguments, and cried out, "*Quid nobis cum homuncione Galeo ?*" It was observed, afterwards, that the last determination which Bentley had made in the schools before his degradation was on this subject, and that he had said that Gale's arguments need only be considered, as they contained all that could be alleged against infant baptism. The second question was, "*Miracula a Christo edita probant ejus divinam missionem ?*" To the Latinity of this he objected, and said that he had heard of *edere librum, edere signum populo : sed quis unquam audivit, edere miracula? Miracula facta sunt non edita.* Bentley was undoubtedly right, for we read in Pliny†, "*Ludibria sibi, obis miracula, fecit natura ;* but, *edere miracula* we do not remember.

With respect to the dispute of the members of Trinity College, as the Bishop of Ely declined to act, the society engaged in the cause, and presented a petition to his majesty under the common seal in August, 1728. This was referred to a committee of the privy-council, as well as that of the bishop, who petitioned to be heard concerning his right, on the 2d of November. A printed state of the case of Trinity College was delivered to the privy-counsellors previous to the day ‡ appointed for a hearing, in which it was stated, that the college, as they wished an immediate examination into their affairs, intreated that his majesty would assume to himself the power of visitor. On March the 15th the cause came on before the lords, and was referred to the court of King's-Bench, and in May, 1729, after a long trial, the judges unanimously determined, that the bishop had a right to exercise a power as visitor, over the master of Trinity College.

In June the petitioners exhibited their articles before his lordship ; but a suspicion arose, that he wished to be accounted general visitor, the master and fellows procured a further hearing in November. The bishop lost his cause ; and in 1731 he moved for a writ of errour, in order to bring it, by appeal, into the house of lords. The crown at last put an end to these disputes, by complying with the petition of the college, and taking the master and the college into its own jurisdiction and visitation.

Soon after the restoration of his degrees, Dr. Bentley wrote an anonymous letter to Chishull, with some critical remarks on an inscription to Jupiter *Urius*, which he had inserted in his *Antiquitates Asiaticæ*, and had restored in several passages which Spon and Wheler had published very negligently.

Chishull, who was an acute scholar, and a man of solid learning, admitted part of Bentley's corrections, and part he rejected, concluding his letter thus : "*Ultimum (sc. Distichon) nunc lubens verto magis ad mentem hujus Herculis musarum. Sic enim ex pede ipsum metior, proque accepto habeo, quod qui clava confligere potuit, suadela maluit.*" The Hercules of the Muses, indeed, he proved himself by his criticism on this epigram. About two years after these letters had passed between the learned Chishull and our British Aristarchus, the marble itself,

† VII. 2. Vol. II. p. 95. Ed. Brotier.
‡ March 13, 1728.

from which the verses had been copied, was brought into England, and placed in Dr. Mead's collection. On examination, it appeared that the inscription was originally cut *in the very same letters* which Bentley had conjectured.

This remarkable instance of critical sagacity has been recorded and celebrated, by the learned Dr. Taylor, in the preface to his admirable little treatise *De inopi debitore in partis dissecando*, in which he has given a *fac simile* of inscription on the marble; and among other short pieces of criticisms, which are subjoined to this work, he has preserved the original letters of Bentley and Chishull.

Our great critick's disputes with his college and the university were now finally settled: and his real merits, aided by justice and truth, crushed the efforts of faction and malevolence. Those who had envied his erudition and talents, now saw all their schemes defeated. Dr. Bentley, whose degradation they had so strenuously laboured to accomplish, now rose superiour to their little arts, and the publick in general began to view the proceedings of his enemies in their proper light.

His duty as royal librarian was rendered agreeable, not only by the nature of his favourite pursuits, but also by the attention which was shewn him by Queen Caroline, who was his constant patroness, and was justly entitled to the elegant compliment which he paid her in his publick speech on creating the Doctor in Divinity. Her Majesty was particularly fond of engaging him in literary disputes with Dr. Clarke, *Vir supra nostrum præconium longissime positus.* To these amicable contests, Bentley for some time submitted, but as they generally terminated without either party's deriving much information from them, he declined them, and pleaded his health as an excuse.

The instigations of Queen Caroline, as she wished him to publish an English classick, induced Dr. Bentley to undertake his edition of Milton, which appeared in quarto in the year 1732, with two *busts* of the poet, at different periods of his life, engraved by Vertue. In his preface, he tells us that the mistakes in pointing, orthography, and distinction of capital letters are here carefully corrected. The elision of vowels, and the accent are particularly marked. The verses which have been *foisted into the book*, by the former editor, are pointed out as spurious, and several lines corrected or interposed by the editor himself, in order to give that appearance of system and consistency, which Milton himself would have done, if he had been able himself to have revised and corrected the whole poem.

Such is the account which Bentley gives of his own edition. He then very happily compares Paradise Lost, in its former state, with the *defædations* of printer and editor, and debased by the malignity of his enemies, to the condition of the beautiful, though poor and ill-dressed virgin, in Terence's *Phormio*:

> .....*Ut, ni* VIS BONI
> *In ipsa inesset forma, hæc formam extinguerent.*

He then endeavours to account for the silence of the criticks with regard to the faults which he had pointed out, and thus concludes: "Who durst oppose the universal vogue? and risque his own character, while he laboured to exalt Milton's? I wonder rather, that it is done even now, Had these

very notes been written forty years ago, it would then have been prudence to have suppressed them, for fear of injuring one's rising fortune. But now, when seventy years *jamdudum memorem monuerunt*, and spoke loudly in my ears,

Mitte leves spes et certamina divitiarum ;

I made the notes *extempore*, and put them to the press as soon as made ; without any apprehension of growing leaner by censures, or plumper by commendations."

We shall not pretend to enter into a minute examination of Bentley's notes and corrections of this noble poem. That he has improved several passages is certain, and that he has made many trifling remarks, and many unjustifiable and indeed unnecessary alterations cannot be denied. The text, however, he has not violated, but has given all his alterations in the margin.

His plan seems strange and unwarrantable. Above three hundred of Milton's verses are inclosed in hooks, as spurious, and above seventy either wholly written or altered by the editor himself, are proposed to supply their places. These, he hopes, will not be found *disagreeing from the* Miltonian character. Besides these innovations in above three hundred lines, he offers a change of two or more words, and in above six hundred more, *one* word only is altered. Such was his rage for emendation.

The *sacred* top of Horeb, for *secret*, is an improvement ; but when he wishes to read *ardent* gems, in the *third* book, for *orient* gems ; and in the *fourth*, *radiant* pearl, for *orient* pearl, we cannot but exclaim

Quis novus hic hospes ?

But in Book V. v. 177, when he proposes ye *four* other wandering *stars*, instead of ye *five—fires*, because the *sun*, *moon*, and *Venus* had been already named in the Morning Hymn, we are indeed surprised. Did not Bentley know that the *sun* is not one of the planets, and that the *earth* is, and was certainly intended by Milton to complete the number *five ;* as in the eighth book he says, "*The planet earth ?*" The change of *darkness visible* into *transpicuous gloom* is idle and unwarrantable, though *transpicuous* be of the *Miltonian character*.

The passages of this admirable poem which our critick rejects are usually those, which contain similies or descriptions. Why these ornamental parts of the work, though sometimes defective,are to be deemed interpolations, would require no common portion of sagacity to determine. To us these appear *beauties*. To confess the truth, Bentley, with all his critical acumen, was ill calculated for a corrector of Milton's verses. He is too daring, and does not appear to possess any extraordinary portion of *poetical taste*, which was highly requisite. "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling," seems not to have fallen to his lot ; and even in his grammatical strictures he is sometimes mistaken, as the Bishop of London has observed.

Let not this edition, however, be deprived of its deserts. Many of his remarks are acute, and several of his emendations are certainly improvements. Among these may be reckoned "*Ichorous* humor issuing flow'd," which he defends by the well-known line of Homer.

Ιχωρ, οιοσπερ τε ρεει μακαρεσσι θεοισι,

and in Book IV. v. 944,

....." With songs to hymn his throne
And *practise discipline* to cringe not fight,"

instead of *practis'd distances*. This emendation is established by verse 954, in which Gabriel says :

" Was this your *discipline* ?"—

He ought, indeed, in justice, to have pointed out the beauties of the work, as well as its errors—for though he comforts himself in *Latin* and *Greek* :

" *Facta est alea*, and *non injussa cecini* :

Παρ' εμοιγε και αλλοι,
Οι κε με τιμησωσι, μαλιστα δε μητιετα Ζευς,"

in his concluding note ; yet if he had valued his reputation more than the advice of his friends, or, perhaps, than his own opinion of his abilities, he certainly would never have assumed such an office, as *editor* and *reviser* of Milton, but would have declined the task imposed on him by her Majesty.

These notes roused an army of petty criticks, who stood forth as champions of the injured poet. The Grub-street Journal, and other periodical works, attacked the critick. But of all the pamphlets and remarks which were then published, Dr. Pearce's *review* of the text of Paradise Lost, with considerations on Bentley's emendations and new corrections, was of the most consequence. The principal part of these remarks, however, has been incorporated into the late Bishop of Bristol's edition of Milton's poetical works, so that as our readers in general must be well acquainted with them, we forbear transcriptions, and shall only observe, that Newton and Pearce seem unwarrantably severe in their strictures on Bentley's corrections. Let it be remembered, likewise, that the learned editor of the new *Biographia Britannica* is of the same opinion.

It was observed, on the evidence of a writer in the Grub-street Journal, who received the intelligence from Dr. Ashenhurst, that Bentley had employed eight or nine years in preparing his Milton, although he talks of *extemporary* notes, in his preface. This may be true, yet it does not contradict the Doctor's assertion. For he might have formed his plan, and have acquainted Dr. Ashenhurst with his intention, and yet not have written his notes until the book was going to the printer. He might even have noted his corrections on the margin of a Milton, and yet have been prevented from explaining them, by indisposition, or the disputes in which he was involved with the university during that period.

We shall conclude these loose remarks, with a passage from Dr. Johnson's life of Milton, whose criticism on Paradise Lost, cannot be praised too loudly, or perused too frequently :—" The generality of my scheme does not admit the frequent notice of verbal inaccuracies ; which Bentley, better skilled in grammar than in poetry, has often found, though he sometimes made them, and which he imputed to the obtrusions of a reviser, whom the author's blindness obliged him to employ. A supposition rash and groundless, if he thought it true ; and vile and pernicious, if, as is said, he in private allowed it to be false."

Bentley never attempted any defence of this work, but permitted his enemies to triumph, and the criticks to cavil. He seemed at last inclined to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, and to leave disputes and criticisms to those whose age, health, & spirits were better calculated to endure fatigue, and who were

Et cantare PARES, *et respondere parati*

A slight paralytick stroke had weakened his constitution: his frame was frequently disordered, and his mind easily ruffled. During the contest about the visitatorial power, when Bishop Moore, with whom he had long lived in habits of intimacy, appeared in court, on the opposite party, he was so affected with the sight of his old friend, in such a situation, that he immediately fainted away.

Bentley was very severely though surely very improperly satirized by Pope, in the fourth book of the Dunciad. The lines are well known, and were occasioned by an opinion, which was forced from Bentley, with respect to the translation of Homer, at Atterbury's table, while Pope was present. The bishop very imprudently and indelicately asked the critick what he thought of the English Homer. The Doctor eluded the question for some time, but at last, when he was urged to speak his sentiments freely, he said; "The verses are good verses, but the work is not Homer, it is Spondanus!" Pope seldom forgot injuries, and many years after this conversation, he assigned a place in the Dunciad to our British Aristarchus. Never was satire more illiberal or unjust. Pope was not sufficiently acquainted with ancient literature to be capable of deciding on Bentley's critical abilities. He might see that many of his notes on Milton were trifling, and that his remarks on Horace were often bold and hazardous, but of his solid learning, his extensive knowledge, and his diversified erudition he was certainly not competent to form a judgment.

In the year 1735 he wrote an answer to some queries of an Oxford Gentleman, concerning the date of a Persick manuscript of the four Gospels, which had been sent from Ispahan. This letter has likewise been preserved by Dr. Taylor, and is published with his valuable little tract, *De debitore dissecando.* He says in his preface, that it is: "*Mole quidem parva, ακριβεια autem et subtilitate plenissima. Qua diligenter perlecta eruditus Lector mecum sentiet nihil unquam argutius, nihil solidius aut verius ex Tripode fuisse responsum.*"

In 1738 a libel was exhibited before the vicar-general of the Bishop of Ely, against Dr. Colbatch, rector of Orwell, who refused to pay the proxies due to Dr. Bentley, as archdeacon of Ely. In his defence Dr. Colbatch, who bore an excellent character, though his virtue was rather of the severer cast, alleged, that though Bentley had been archdeacon forty years, he had never, in obedience to the ecclesiastical laws, been known to visit one church or chapel. Sentence, however, was passed against Colbatch, with costs of suit, upon which in 1741 he published a pamphlet, intituled, The State of Proxies payable to Ecclesiastical Visitors fully stated.

In 1739 appeared the *Astronomicon* of *Manilius*, with corrections and notes, by Dr. Bentley. This edition was ushered into the world by a dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, and a preface by Mr. Richard Bentley, a nephew of the Doctor; with whose approbation both these introductory pieces were written.

In the preface he gives a full account of his uncle's opinion of the work, and its author, as well as of the various manuscripts and printed copies which he consulted, in order to perfect this edition.

Bentley places Malinius in the age of Augustus; and among

other proofs, he vindicates his assertion by the termination of the genitive cases of words in *ius*, and *ium*, which always terminated in a single *i*, before that period: as *Auxilium*, *Auxili*: *Consilium*, *Consili*: *Imperium*, *Imperi*: &c. Propertius is the first of the Roman poets, whose works are extant, in whom this rule is infringed, and by him only in two or three instances. Ovid, who lived rather later, frequently uses the *double i*; and after him, it became general. This change, however, took place long after the accession of Augustus to the government. This remark we owe to Bentley, and it is worthy of the British Aristarchus. He first promulgated it in his notes on the Andria* of Terence, where he candily corrects a mistake which he had made in a passage of Horace, and justifies his observation on these genitive cases, by citing a passage from Nigidius Figulus, *Romanorum a Varrone doctissimus*, which is preserved by Gellius †, by which it is evident, that in his age *accent* was the only distinction between the genitive and vocative cases of words in *ius*, as N. Valerius, G. Valeri, V. Valeri. Bentley, therefore, as Manilius, or the author of the poem, whatever was his name, except in one Greek word, never uses the *double i*, in the *Casus interroganai*, determines the Astronomicon to have been written in the early part of the age of Augustus.

The author, according to our critick, was a foreigner, and, therefore, the peculiarities of style which occur in his work do not militate against his having been contemporary with Augustus: especially as many of the exceptionable passages are proved by Bentley to be spurious. Of his name nothing certain can be pronounced. Neither the manuscript copies of the poem, nor the author in the course of his work, nor the testimony of other writers, bring any certain assistance.

With regard to the text, Bentley generally follows the edition of Scaliger, and has preserved all the readings which he rejected. In some passages, his corrections seem extravagantly different from the common copies: which appears to be in some measure excuseable, when it is known, that no single piece on ancient literature was ever so much depraved by the negligence or ignorance of transcribers; for the various readings are more numerous even than the verses of the poem.

To be concluded next month.

* Act II. Sc. I. Ver. 20.
† Apul. Gellium. XIII. 24.

For the Anthology.

THE REMARKER. No. 15.

Motus
Astrorum ignoro;.....
.....ranarum viscera nunquam
Inspexi. Juv. Sat. 3.

I have no skill to read the stars, nor ever pried in toads' entrails.

OF the effects, resulting from the general effusion of knowledge, one of the most useful, and perhaps the most extensive, is our emancipation from the tyranny of superstition. An eclipse was once the portent of revolution, the forerunner of defeat, the warning of

famine and of pestilence; but I have heard of only one man, that thought the darkness on the sixteenth day of June last sent, as a judgment for our sins. The most artful politician, the most profound philosopher, the most heroick and prudent commander had less influence on the state of society, than the crafty juggler, the master of the ceremonies at the temple of Delphi. The armies of the ancients were often restrained from combat at a favourable opportunity, because the traiterous soothsayers declared the omens inauspicious; so that, says Bayle, a diviner was as necessary an officer as a general.

Sailors have always been more prone to this weakness, than other classes of men; and the commander of the most numerous maritime expedition ever fitted out, was, while his fleet was detained by contrary winds, so ignorant of the common operation, or so distrustful of the kindness of heaven, as to sacrifice his daughter to propitiate a change. At present, though they hardly dare to commence their voyage without a horse-shoe on the foot of their foremast, yet in battle they rise above such follies, and, whether it thunder on the right or the left, are as heedless of auspices, as their captains of danger. Some have even ventured to depart on Fridays, though that has been always reckoned among the dies nefasti; and I have never heard, that any special punishment has marked their presumption.

As arts and sciences are in our days cultivated by greater numbers than formerly, they have also become easier of acquisition: so that if the worship be less honourable, the devotees are more numerous. The mystical practices of astrology and palmistry, of witch-craft and of fortune-telling, required the labours of a life. The beard of the cunning man was always as long as the tail of the comet, from which he derived his predictions. The instruction must have commenced in childhood to prepare the adept at the age of puberty for solemn dedication to the devil. This is the course to eminence, pointed out by universal experience. Of the hero of the Iliad we should probably have suspected the truth, had the scholiasts never informed us, that the food of the infant Achilles was the marrow of lions.

The punishment of sorcerers by our laws was formerly terrible. The statute of Jac.I, who equalled me in hating, and much surpassed me in dreading, these miscreants, orders, that "such as consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil spirit to any intent" shall be punished with death.—But we have gradually parted with our fear, and doomed to contempt those, whom we once dreaded as ministers of hell. The evil has increased by this neglect. Superstition is nearly as prevalent in the country, as fanaticism in the city. Those who claim communication with familiar demons, are deserving of punishment; and it is hoped the law may be executed against fortune tellers and fanaticks, against pretenders to inspiration from above or from below. To shew the necessity of this, I relate what happened a few months since in our neighbourhood, an instance of credulity equal lamentable and ridiculous.

Three men, of whom one was a justice in Vermont, and another a conjuror, came to a gentleman, re-

siding on the banks of the Connecticut, and requested leave to dig in his garden for a chest of money. That this treasure was deposited there he could not doubt, when one of them assured him, that he had twice dreamed, that on the right hand of the road was a high rock, strangely notched at the top, and at four rods distance in a north-east course from the rock, a red picket fence, near which was buried the wealth which would reward their search. The dreamer had not been in the vicinity for many years, and had come from a great distance, so that his circumstantial description was sufficient proof of his sincerity. The owner of the soil could have no objection to such a request; he only demanded one half of what should be found; but was prevailed on to accept a quarter.

The cunning man with his rod of witch hazle, to be holden in both hands, like an old-fashioned pair of curling-tongs, stalked in solemn silence over the garden, till his rod suddenly pointed downwards. Under this spot lay the treasure. Another person took the rod; but in his hands it was uniformly inflexible. He was reminded by the adept, that the witch hazle never designates the place, where money is buried, unless it be wielded by the hands of *a seventh son of a seventh son, born under the full blaze* of a certain planet. Around this spot our conjuror described a circle, and on the North, South, and East points spread an open bible. The West was left unprotected, because on that side was the river, which the evil spirit would not dare approach.

The party now began to dig with an activity, never exercised before; and after a few hours they turned up some bones, among which was a human skull. The owner of the soil knew, that this had been one of the favourite resting places of the Indians, as from the neighbouring river they were always sure of a supply of fish. However to encourage these miners he affirmed, that he had once, in digging on his farm, thrown out human bones, which bled freely. Nothing could be a stronger confirmation of their hopes. The pick axe and spade now rattled on the lid of the chest; and the reward of their labours, the consummation of their fortunes, and the confusion and conviction of incredulous scoffers was now within their reach.

The famous pirate, Capt. Kidd, who about a century and a half ago had amassed wealth by his depredations, never since equalled but by the imperial vagabond from Corsica, buried this money here. He was once chased by an English frigate in Long-Island sound, and was obliged to enter the Connecticut. Here he debarked, and, loading his men with treasure, marched across the country to descend the St. Lawrence, his only safe avenue to the ocean. In their journey through the wilderness, when any one fell sick, his money was immediately buried, and he himself, horresco referens, murdered and deposited upon the chest to mark the spot. In the same way money was buried by pirates under the famous poised rock on the left hand of the Salem turnpike, and I have never yet heard of its removal.

Whether Capt. Kidd ever reached the St. Lawrence was beyond the information of these labourers; but it had been commonly believed, that he had penetrated so far, one hundred miles from the ocean, and the indication of the witch hazle

was now incontestably established by these mouldering relicks. Unhappily one of the company asked another to lend him his spade, and the evil spirit, resenting the insult of breaking silence, instantly sunk the chest and its treasure fifty feet lower, where it has never since been heard from.

From the Censura Literaria, September, 1806.

"A SKETCH OF THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF DR. BEATTIE, WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS LIFE AND LETTERS," LATELY PUBLISHED BY SIR WILLIAM FORBES.*

SIR William Forbes's long-expected Life of Dr. Beattie has at length appeared in two quarto volumes : and I cannot refrain from indulging myself with a few cursory remarks, and a few extracts, while my heart and my head are warm with the subject. Has it added to our admiration of him as an author and a man? It has done both. There are many circumstances which combine to qualify Sir William, in a very uncommon degree, for the biographer of this great poet and philosopher : their long, intimate, and uninterrupted friendship, their habits of constant correspondence, and their congenial turns of mind, in particular ; while the talents, and the character of the survivor, and his very extensive & near acquaintance with the most eminent men in the literary world, give a force and authority to his narration, which few eulogists can confer.

But with due respect to the examples of Mr. Mason, and Mr. Hayley, I confess I am not entirely satisfied with the plan of leaving a man to be principally his own biographer, by means of a series of letters, connected by a few short and occasional narratives. I do not mean indeed to depreciate those of Mr. Hayley, by comparing them with his predecessor's, which always from a boy disgusted me with their stiff and barren frigidity ; while those of the former glow with all the warmth of friendship, and congenial poetick feeling : but I allude only to the plan.

There are many points, on which there is no doubt that an author can best delineate his own character : but there are others, of which he is totally disqualified to give a fair portrait, and of which, if he were qualified, it is highly improbable that his Letters should furnish an adequate account.

I trust therefore I may be excused for venturing the opinion, which I have long formed, that, though Letters are an excellent, and almost necessary, accompaniment of a Life ; and though appropriate extracts from them, and continued references to them may well be introduced in the narrative, yet they should not form the principal part of that narrative, which, as it seems to me, should exhibit one unbroken composition. To leave the generality of readers to collect and combine an entire portrait, or a regular series of events, from the scattered notices of a variety of desultory letters, is to give them credit for a degree of attention, and a power of drawing results, which few will be found to possess, and fewer still have leisure to exercise.

....

* We are happy to hear, that the above work will shortly appear from the press of I. Riley & Co., New-York.

Having thus frankly declared my sentiments, it is almost unnecessary to add, that I prefer the plan adopted by Dr. Currie, in his Life of Burns, to that, which has been chosen by Sir William Forbes for the life of his illustrious friend. In the execution of the mode he has followed Sir William has discovered a soundness of judgment and taste in his selection, an elegance of language, a purity of sentiment, and an ardour of friendship, which will do him immortal honour. But, as my purpose is not to criticise the biographer, but to make some slight remarks on the poet, I must proceed.

Beattie was born a poet; that is, he was born with those talents and sensibilities, which, with the assistance of the slightest education, are almost certain in due time to vent themselves in poetry. In the first occupation of his manhood, the care of an obscure country school, Sir Wm. Forbes says, "he had a never failing resource in his own mind; in those meditations which he loved to indulge, amidst the beautiful and sublime scenery of that neighbourhood, which furnished him with endless amusement. At a small distance from the place of his residence a deep and extensive glen, finely cloathed with wood, runs up into the mountains. Thither he frequently repaired; and there several of his earliest pieces were written. From that wild and romantick spot, he drew, as from the life, some of his finest descriptions, and most beautiful pictures of nature, in his poetical compositions. He has been heard to say, for instance, that the description of the owl, in his charming poem "On Retirement,"

'Whence the scar'd owl, on pinions grey,
Breaks from the rustling boughs;
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose;'

was drawn after real nature. And the seventeenth stanza of the second Book of The Minstrel, in which he so feelingly describes the spot, of which he most approved, for his place of sepulture, is so very exact a picture of the situation of the church yard of Lawrence-kirk, which stands near to his mother's house, and in which is the school-house where he was daily taught, that he must certainly have had it in his view, at the time he wrote the following beautiful lines.

'Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothick dome,
Where Night and Desolation ever frown!
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.'

"It was his supreme delight to saunter in the fields the livelong night, contemplating the sky, and marking the approach of day; and he used to describe with peculiar animation the soaring of the lark in a summer morning. A beautiful landscape, which he has magnificently described in the twentieth stanza of the first book of The Minstrel, corresponds exactly with what must have presented itself to his poetical imagination, at those occasions, on the approach of the rising sun, as he would view the grandeur of that scene from the hill in the neighbourhood of his native village. The high hill, which rises to the west of Fordoune, would, in a misty morning, supply him with one of the images so beautifully described in the twenty-first stanza. And the

twentieth stanza of the second book of The Minstrel describes a night-scene unquestionably drawn from nature, in which he probably had in view Homer's sublime description of the Moon in the eighth book of the Iliad, so admirably translated by Pope, that an eminent critick has not scrupled to declare it to be superiour to the original. He used himself to tell, that it was from the top of a high hill in the neighbourhood, that he first beheld the ocean, the sight of which, he declared, made the most lively impression on his mind.

"It is pleasing, I think, to contemplate these his early habits, so congenial to the feelings of a poetical and warm imagination; and therefore, I trust, I shall be forgiven for having dwelt on them so long."

Sir William Forbes need have made no apology for the length of those passages. I would have said "O si sic omnia!" but that it would seem to imply some censure; and I well know that all could not be like this. We cannot always be watching the dawn of day "on the misty mountain's top;" nor be constantly wandering "alone and pensive" by the "pale beams" of the "Queen of Night." But it will not be doubted, that in the occupations of "young Edwin" the poet described many of his own early propensities and amusements. I do not agree therefore with an eminent critick,* who observing that Edwin "is marked from his cradle with those dispositions and propensities, which were to be the foundation of his future destiny," adds, "I believe it would be difficult in real biography to trace any such early indications of a genius exclusively fitted for poetry; nor do I imagine that an exquisite sensibility to the sublime and beautiful of nature is ever to be found in minds, which have not been opened by a degree of culture." The interposition indeed of the word "*exclusively*" a little qualifies the assertion; but the endowments attributed by the poet to Edwin, though they are not *exclusively*, are more *peculiarly*, adapted to poetical eminence.

If this assertion then be true, that the delineation of the infant Minstrel was essentially that of the author, for which we have the authority of Sir W. Forbes, and even of Beattie himself, there is an end to the denial of particular genius, which Johnson was so fond of urging, and which so many, on his great, but surely far from infallible judgment, are fond of repeating. Every one, possessed of equal fancy and equal sensibility of heart with Beattie, would feel in childhood similar sentiments and similar pleasures; and I think it must not be questioned that the impression of those sentiments and those pleasures would lead a person of equal capacity more peculiarly, not only to the inclination, but, with the aid of a little industry, to the power, of composing poetry.

I assert again therefore that the hand of Nature impressed on Beattie's mind the character of a poet. He afterwards became a philosopher by the effect of accident, and study. All this indeed he appears to me to have confirmed by his own direct declarations.

Hear him in a Letter to Dr. Blacklock, dated 9 Jan. 1769.

**** "Perhaps you are anxious to know what first induced me to write on this subject;" (Truth.) "I will tell you as briefly as I can. In my younger days I read chiefly for my amuse-

....

* Dr. Aikin's Letters on English Poetry.

ment, and I found myself best amused with the classicks, and what we call the *Belles Lettres*. Metaphysicks I disliked; mathematicks pleased me better; but I found my mind neither improved nor gratified by that study. When providence allotted me my present station" (of Professor of Moral Philosophy) "it became incumbent on me to read what had been written on the subject of morals and human nature: the works of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, were celebrated as master-pieces in this way; to them, therefore, I had recourse. But as I began to study them with great prejudices in their favour, you will readily conceive, how strangely I was surprised to find them, as I thought, replete with absurdities: I pondered these absurdities; I weighed the arguments, with which I was sometimes not a little confounded; and the result was, that I began at last to suspect my own understanding, and to think that I had not capacity for such a study. For I could not conceive it possible that the absurdities of these authors were so great, as they seemed to me to be; otherwise, thought I, the world would never admire them so much. About this time, some excellent antisceptical works made their appearance, particularly Reid's "Inquiry into the Human Mind."—Then it was that I began to have a little more confidence in my own judgment, when I found it confirmed by those, of whose abilities I did not entertain the least distrust. I reviewed my authors again with a very different temper of mind. A very little truth will sometimes enlighten a vast extent of science. I found that the sceptical philosophy was not what the world imagined it to be; but a frivolous, though dangerous, system of verbal subtlety, which it required neither genius, nor learning, nor taste, nor knowledge of mankind, to be able to put together; but only a captious temper, an irreligious spirit, a moderate command of words, and an extraordinary degree of vanity and presumption. You will easily perceive that I am speaking of this philosophy only in its most extravagant state, that is, as it appears in the works of Mr. Hume. The more I study it, the more am I confirmed in this opinion," &c.

The above extract discovers the origin of Beattie's philosphical works. Those which follow exhibit the first traces of his incomparable poem, "The Minstrel."

Dr. Beattie to Dr. Blacklock, 22 *Sept.* 1766.

****. "Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetick, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the manner, which I have adopted, admits equally of all these kinds of composition. I have written one hundred and fifty lines, and am surprised to find the structure of that complicated stanza so little troublesome. I was always fond of it; for I think it the most harmonious that ever was contrived. It admits of more variety of pauses, than either the couplet, or the alternate rhyme; and it concludes with a pomp, and majesty of sound, which, to my ear, is wonderfully delightful. It seems also very well adapted to the genius of our language, which, from its irregularity of inflexion, and number of monosyllables, abounds in diversified terminations, and consequently renders our poetry susceptible of an endless variety of legitimate rhymes. But

I am so far from intending this performance for the press, that I am morally certain it will never be finished. I shall add a stanza now and then, when I am at leisure, and when I have no humour for any other amusement; but I am resolved to write no more poetry with a view to publication, till I see some dawnings of a poetical taste among the generality of readers; of which, however, there is not at present any thing like an appearance."

To the same....20 May, 1767.

"My performance in Spenser's stanza has not advanced a single line, these many months. It is called "The Minstrel." The subject was suggested by a dissertation on the old minstrels, which is prefixed to a collection of ballads lately published by Dodsley, in three volumes.* I propose to give an account of the birth, education, and adventures of one of those bards; in which I shall have full scope for description, sentiment, satire, and even a certain species of humour and of pathos, which, in the opinion of my great master, are by no means inconsistent, as is evident from his works. My hero is to be born in the south of Scotland, which you know was the native land of the English Minstrels; I mean of those Minstrels, who travelled into England, and supported themselves there, by singing their ballads to the harp. His father is a shepherd. The son will have a natural taste for musick and the beauties of nature; which, however, languishes for want of culture, till in due time he meets with a hermit, who gives him some instruction; but endeavours to check his genius for poetry and adventures, by representing the happiness of obscurity and solitude, and the bad reception which poetry has met with in almost every age. The poor swain acquiesces in this advice, and resolves to follow his father's employment, when on a sudden the country is invaded by Danes, or English Borderers, (I know not which) and he is stripped of all his little fortune, and obliged by necessity to commence Minstrel. This is all that I have as yet concerted of the plan.† I have written 150 lines; but my hero is not yet born, though now in a fair way of being so; for his parents are described, and married. I know not whether I shall ever proceed any farther; however, I am not dissatisfied with what I have written."

....

* The Reliques of ancient English poetry, by Dr. Percy, published in 1765.

In the course of two more years Beattie finished the first canto of this enchanting poem; and published it early in the spring of 1771. It instantly attracted the publick attention, and raised the author into the first ranks of fame. Gray praised it with a warm and disinterested energy; and it seemed to have electrified Lord Lyttleton, who spoke of it in a much higher tone of eloquence, than he was accustomed to reach. I cannot resist transcribing the short but beautiful letter here.

Lord Lyttleton to Mrs. Montagu, 8 *March*, 1771.

"I read your "Minstrel" last night, with as much rapture as poetry, in her noblest sweetest

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† But he once afterwards told Sir W. Forbes, "he proposed to have introduced a foreign enemy as invading his country, in consequence of which The Minstrel was to employ himself in rousing his countrymen to arms." *Life*, *I.* 203. This was probably the result of his friend Gray's suggestion.

charms, ever raised in my soul. It seemed to me, that my once most beloved minstrel, Thomson, was come down from heaven, refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let me hear him sing again the beauties of nature, and the finest feelings of virtue, not with human, but with angelick strains! I beg you to express my gratitude to the poet for the pleasure he has given me. Your eloquence alone can do justice to my sense of his admirable genius, and the excellent use he makes of it. Would it were in my power to do him any service!"*

In a letter dated 6 July, 1772, the author declares that the second canto had been nearly finished these two years; but it was not published till 1774, accompanied by a new edition of the first canto.

In the mean time Beattie's domestick afflictions increased with his fame; and embittered the exquisite satisfaction, which he would otherwise have derived from the flattering station he now held in society. To these I think we must attribute the change of sentiments on a very important topick, which the latter part of the following most eloquent letter seems to discover.

Dr. Beattie to Mrs. Montagu, 26 *July*, 1773.

"Your most obliging and most excellent letter of the 14th current, bore the impression of Socrates on the outside. He, if I mistake not, piqued himself on having constantly resided in Athens, and used to say, that he found no instruction in stones or trees; but you, Madam, better skilled in the human heart, and more thoroughly acquainted with all the sublimest affections, do justly consider that quiet which the country affords, and those soothing and elevating sentiments, which "rural sights and rural sounds" so powerfully inspire, as necessary to purify the soul, and raise it to the contemplation of the first and greatest good. Yet, I think, you rightly determine, that absolute solitude is not good for us. The social affections must be cherished, if we would keep both mind and body in good health. The virtues are all so nearly allied, and sympathise so strongly with each other, that if one is borne down, all the rest feel it, and have a tendency to pine away. The more we love one another, the more we shall love our Maker: and if we fail in duty to our common parent, our brethren of mankind will soon discover that we fail in duty to them also.

"In my younger days I was much attached to solitude, and could have envied even "The Shepherd of the Hebride isles, placed far amid the melancholy main." I wrote Odes to Retirement, and wished to be conducted to its deepest groves, remote from every rude sound, and from every vagrant foot. In a word, I thought the most profound solitude the best. But I have now changed my mind. Those solemn and incessant energies of imagination, which naturally take place in such a state, are fatal to the health and spirits, and tend to make us more and more unfit for the business of life: the

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* The Rev. Mr. Allison, the elegant author of "Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste," and the husband of Dr. Gregory's daughter, feelingly observes, "I do not know any thing that Lord Lyttleton has written, that so strongly marks the sensibility and purity of his taste. The allusion to Thomson is singularly affecting, and constitutes the finest praise, that ever was bestowed on a poet."

soul, deprived of those ventilations of passion, which arise from social intercourse, is reduced to a state of stagnation; and if she is not of a very pure consistence indeed, will be apt to breed within herself many "monstrous and many prodigious things," of which she will find it no easy matter to rid herself, even when she is become sensible of their noxious nature."

I have no room here to enter into a disquisition upon the very interesting subject of solitude. The objections to it thus urged by Beattie deserve, no doubt, very serious consideration. But they do not convince me, expressed, as they are, in general terms. Nay, I confess I could have wished they had never appeared under this poet's authority; because they take something from the pleasure we feel in some of the finest passages of his best poems. For my part, it appears to me, that as long as God endows individuals with more energetick capacities, with more tender sensibilities, with higher hopes, and sublimer sentiments than the mass of mankind, so long must solitude be the proper sphere of their human existence. If it do tend to "make us unfit for the *business* of life," it fits us for something much better: for that intellectual eminence and purity of heart, which exalt our nature, and almost lift us into an higher order of beings; for those mental exertions, by which the heads and hearts of thousands have, century after century, been ameliorated, and drawn away from the low and selfish ambitions of the world; and by which nations have sometimes been electrified from their slumbers into efforts that have saved them from impending destruction! I am now older than Dr. Beattie was, when he expressed these sentiments, and I do not find that my love of solitude diminishes. I discover no "stagnation of the soul;" the day is not long enough for the enjoyment of my books, and those pure and innocent wanderings of the fancy, in which I delight; and in the deep woods and silent vallies, I find "no monsters" of horrour, which, alas! I too frequently meet in society, but on the contrary,

> "Resentment sinks; Disgust within me dies,
> And Charity, and meek Forgiveness rise,
> And melt my soul, and overflow mine eyes."

For the Monthly Anthology.

SILVA. No. 21.

> Huc vinæ, et unguenta et ninium breves
> Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ. HORACE.

A LADY'S FOOT.

WHAT in nature is so beautiful, so lovely, so tender, as the little foot of a fair lady! Surely this sweet part of the human form was made for execution, yet unknown. The hand is exercised by orators to give force to utterance, and strength to expressions of the strongest passions. In grief the hand is irresistibly drawn to the bosom, and its pressure gives relief. The finger pointed in scorn is the plainest signal of contempt, and the hands clasped and uplifted to heaven is the most solemn of all expressions. I have seen a sweet woman in grief, and there

was more sorrow in the attitude of her hand, and more meekness and plaintiveness in a certain mournful position of her fingers, than in the holiness of her uplifted countenance, or in the tear-drops that hung on her eye-lashes. If the hand is so powerful and efficient an engine of the soul, why should the *foot* be considered merely the pedestal of the human statue? What gives the march to the hero, the stride to the conqueror, fleetness to the lover, and the bewitching balance of attitude to woman! Who knows

The love that slumbers in a lady's foot?

If the cavalier th ows himself at the feet of his mistress, why should not his lips press and breathe on them the spirit of love? Why should not his hand impart to them the thrillings of its touches? Oh, how have I started, and longed for a *molliter manus imposuit*, when I have beheld Crispin with his measure at the foot of a lady! Oh, how have I shuddered, when I have seen Bellinda's dear little foot sink forever out of sight in the pitchy abyss of his palm! Oh, how have I quaked, when I have seen the dear little thing swallowed up forever in the griping jaws of his fist! How, too, has my fancy caught fire, when sitting at an awful distance from Dorinda, I have espied this sweet little integer nestling and cuddling on her cricket! How has my imagination transformed the vile four-legged stool into a little shrine, and her foot into the offering of beauty to love!

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FRENCH PREJUDICE.

The English criticks are not so full of prejudice in their literary opinions, as the French. It seems that the latter aspire to sovereignty in letters, as in arms. In both they are great; yet the field of literature they have not won from the English, and they ought to be ashamed, in such a noble and dignified contest, to take by fraud, what ought to be the reward of honourable warfare. The English extol the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. Indeed, Adam Smith says, that the Phèdre is the most perfect tragedy that has ever been written. Johnson often praises Boileau, and Hume and Gibbon vitiated their style by devotion to French literature. The French have sometimes done justice to England; but we know that Mrs. Montague wrote a volume expressly to vindicate Shakespeare from the aspersions of Voltaire, and every reader of La Harpe regrets to see his mind poisoned by prejudice. From him Shakespeare and Milton receive little mercy, and when the critick is comparing the Lutrin of Boileau with Pope's Rape of the Lock, instead of accurately adjusting their respective merits, and impartially determining his opinion of Boileau's superiority from regular principles of criticism, he gives every merit to his countryman, and leaves poor Pope so naked, that, were his merits to rest on his mock-epick, he would make a prominent figure among the heroes of the Dunciad. Other instances might be mentioned, but it is unnecessary; the two nations have always been, secretly or openly, rivals and enemies, and there is no hope that this opposition will soon be changed. Perhaps this general animosity may have originated excellence in letters, as in war; and if we sigh for the misery, which the mutual hatred has occasioned, (which is commonly mere affectation) we may rejoice (perhaps with the joy of sincerity)

that the same cause has produced poems, discourses, letters, and critical opinions, sparkling with sense, wit, and imagination.

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THE CLASSICK CLUB.

When Horace, Virgil, Varius, and Mecænas, used to meet to drink wine, after they had crowned their foreheads with roses and myrtles, there was a combination of intellect, devoted to revelry, which must have been very pleasant and interesting. Horace recited his charming odes, and entirely forgot his serious satires and gloomy lectures. Virgil chaunted his melodious poetry, and gave to his versification a grace, a tenderness, and harmony, which must have entranced the accordant minds of his poetical friends. What could be more delightful? Here were friendship, and roses, and wine, and poetry; the loveliness of morals, the luxury of the senses, and the enchantments of fancy. If they wanted pathos and deep sentiment, Varius could pour out the whole force of tragedy; critical taste and ingenuity sparkled from Mecænas; and good conversation and refined feelings directed and dignified the intercourse. The health of the emperour was a favourite toast. Homer, Anacreon, and Sophocles were the topicks of talk. Virgil would willingly declare, that if he was not superiour to the father of epick poetry, he might at least bear a comparison with him, to whom he need not be ashamed to be inferiour. Horace might jovially and honestly confess, that Anacreon could drink more wine, but that he was not a better poet than himself; and the noble Varius, while he secretly congratulated himself on an equality with the Grecian tragedians, could feel no despondency of mind for the accidents of time and the ravages of barbarians, which, by destroying his plays, have lessened the fame of the author, and obscured the reputation of the Roman stage. As for Mecænas, he was a gentleman, a critick, and a scholar. He was contented with quaffing his wine, or, if he thought of "being often in the mouths of men," his vanity was gratified in the pleasant recollection that Virgil and Horace had consecrated to him the greenest wreaths of friendship and poetry.

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CLEANLINESS.

A gentleman once told me, that cleanliness was nearly allied to godliness. This is rather bold; but as it might have originated from a nice sense of physical purity, I would not very harshly condemn it. I believe every one who practises cleanliness, will feel the excellent effects produced by a suitable attention to this minor virtue. The intellect is gratefully affected; the blood courses through the system, and gives vigour and activity. Beauty is also the consequence of purity. Cosmeticks only mar the skin. They destroy the swell of the muscles, and the clear blueness of the veins; they tear to pieces the nice net work of the skin, and reduce to dull uniformity of colour the various tints, which should illuminate the countenance. They also insinuate poison into the body, and soon the fine elasticity of the system gives way to morbid clayiness, and sluggish creeping of the blood succeeds to its former rushing and rapid activity. But look at a French woman, after she has come out of the bath. She is a perfect Venus, risen from the froth of the sea; a celestial light beams from her eyes; her lips breathe the fragrance

of health, and her voice is sweeter than the musick of the Graces at the banquets of the Gods. Such are truly the divine effects of physical purity. The French women are almost amphibious, and this is one great reason why they are so beautiful. I am afraid my country-women are not entitled to high praise for regular attention to cleanliness. I indeed know some, who use the tepid bath and a clean napkin, instead of discolouring themselves with vile washes, dews, and creams from the perfumer ; but are there not too many gentlemen and ladies, who pass many months, without feeling the luxury of complete purification ? Were I to pursue the subject to niceness of detail, I should have a plenty of subject for many pages ; but I hope that the neglect has rather arisen from forgetfulness and inattention, than from dislike to purity or sympathy with uncleanliness.

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OUR COUNTRY.

A general inactivity is our reigning characteristick. We seem willing to creep along in mechanical routine, so that we very much resemble Dutchmen. As for chivalrous, generous policy in national councils it is so low, that it can find no "lower deep." In religion I love quietness, peaceableness, humility ; and I hate the jarring of sects, and the noisy trampling of christian combatants. But in literature are there no hopes ? Surely the descendants of Englishmen in America are not absolutely degenerate. The mother country is proud of her bench of learned bishops, of her retired scholars, and illustrious professors in both universities. But when they ask us, why do you not do something to spread the glory of the English language, we are silent, like slaves. We may say, *that we have spice ships at the Philippines, and that our cannon has echoed among the ice islands, at either pole.* This is honourable, and tells our enterprise ; but here the story ends, nor will I busily ask, if there are no spots and stains on our flag, which the waters of the oceans we traverse, could not efface. For myself, I think we ought to have produced a few scholars ; in this opinion, however, all are not unanimous, but if they agree that poetry is natural to any country, we must be ashamed of our own. We boast of no epick, tragedy, comedy, elegies, poems, pastoral or amatory...but this field is all desart, a wide African sand garden, showing brambles, and rushes, and reeds.

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BLUE STOCKING CLUB.

I know no lady in this town, and probably there is not one in the United States, to be compared with Mrs. Montague, at whose house in Portman-Square, London, the Blue Stocking Club used to meet. Yet there are ladies here, who might institute and preserve a literary converzazione on agreeable terms. —All mere fashionable women should be excluded, and let beauty and riches alone have no right of admission. Also let no fop saunter in the room, and bar the doors against insignificant animals, called puppies, and those brutes who resemble Yahoos. Thus some approaches might be made to refined conversation, and a pleasantness of intercourse be introduced, far beyond the present system of false courtesy, shameful anecdote, licentious inuendo, poisoned hints, and stabbing whispers, which now riot and rule at many of the vulgar and fashionable parties, which now dignify or disgrace this metropolis.

Women are beings of the highest consequence, and on them depends the healthiness or the contagion of social intercourse, they may be like angels of light, diffusing the influence of purity and goodness, or the active agents of misery and ruin. By a pleasant and refined socialness, between gentlemen and ladies of cultivated minds, the power of all would be communicated to each ; manners would be improved ; erroneous opinions would be corrected ; morals might receive additional strength, and literature might be adorned with new fascinations.

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WINTER EVENING.

I like to sit in my study in a winter evening, when the wind blows clear, and the fire burns bright. If I am alone, I sometimes love to muse loosely on a thousand flits of the imagination ; to remark the gentle agitations of the flame ; to eye the mouse, that listens at his knot hole, and then runs quick across the hearth ; or dwell long on the singing of the wood, when the heat drives out the sap. I believe that such reverie softens the heart, while it relaxes the body, for thus the senses are gratified in miniature. In the fire I have the *softest colours, and the sweetest and most various undulations*, and in the gentle musick of the green stick there is melody for fairies. No sense is particularly excited by my silver grey, silken-footed, and crumb-nibbling animal, but perhaps he might teach me a lesson of prudence, not to set out on a journey, till I have inquired the dangers and difficulties of the way. While I am in this state of lonely musing, I sometimes lapse unknowingly into grief ; for *my guardians are dead, and my friends are far from me*, my years are hastening away, "and evening with its hollow blast murmurs of pleasures never to return." But this state I do not like to indulge, for sorrow grows by musing : I therefore rouse myself from fears that dishearten, to studies that strengthen or exhilirate me ; and when I have lighted a çigar, and put on more wood, I track Park to the banks of the Niger, or I mount the walls of Rome with "Bourbon and revenge," and close the evening with an act from Shakespeare, the best of poets and the wisest of writers.

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RUINS OF THEBES, OR LUXORE.

In the distant periods of antiquity were founded the palaces and temples of Luxore. They now partly lie on the deserts of Upper Egypt, scattered into fragments and covered with rubbish, and partly they stand erect in the towering heights of solitary columns, the extensive ranges of imposing colonnades, or the unequalled magnitude of their sculptured sides. They attract, when in the horizon, the notice of scientifick travellers, and they serve as land-marks to caravans, and as habitations for the poor and the outcast. Thus have the exertions of architectural science contended against the slow unceasing efforts of time, and thus are the opulence of monarchs and the dignity of priesthood, commemorated in the ruined grandeur of churches and of courts. A traveller into Egypt for the purposes of science may honourably employ himself in measuring the dimensions of pillars, cielings, and walls, and a painter may communicate knowledge and pleasure by accurate representations of these monuments of decay ; but the dignity of a philosopher is advanced in applying the memorials of art to subserve the moral duties of life,

and his utility is exhibited in employing the materials, presented by a few, for the durable advantage of all. Our vanity is repressed by the consideration, that time has destroyed the names of the architects and founders of these mighty piles. Perhaps their titles and dignities were engraven on the corner stones; perhaps their offices were perpetuated to succeeding generations; and perhaps they welcomed and received the awful honours of adoration; but no historian has related their deeds, no poet has sung their praises, and irremediable oblivion covers their names, their virtues, and their crimes. Philosophy has determined that utility is the proper foundation of morals. If part of the time, the wealth, and the labour, which were expended on the architectural glories of Luxore, had been applied to the diffusion of knowledge and virtue, to the practical purposes of religion, and to the great objects of political œconomy, the happiness of the people would have ennobled the grandeur of the princes. We should then indeed have seriously regretted, that time has covered with a garment of darkness all their personal and moral attributes; and though massy walls and broken gateways would not now be the evidence of their magnificence; though they might not now be extolled as the benevolent guardians of the Theban people, yet philosophy would not be compelled to consider them as the ostentatious founders of perishable monuments, where robbers lurk for prey, and outlaws find protection. The nature of the subject easily allures a philosophick mind into various similar reflections, but the prescribed limits of this article will not authorise any further extension of remarks on the ancient glories or the present ruins of Luxore. But I cannot forbear to remark the superiority of genius over gigantick physical exertion. When Thebes existed in the splendid circumference of twenty-seven miles, the author of the Iliad represented the indignant Achilles, swearing in the following noble lines:

——————ὐδ' ὅσα Θήβας
Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται,
Αἵ θ' ἑκατόμπυλοί εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἀνὰ ἑκάστην
Ἄνέρες ἐξοιχνεῦσι σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν. IL. 9,381.

Not all proud Thebes' unrivalled walls contain,
The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain;
That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars. POPE's Trans.

Now this city of the gods has dwindled to a few mouldering ruins, but the Iliad flourishes in unfading purity, and with increasing honours. Nor should the advocate of Homer's greatness refrain from recording the obligations, which opulence and power owe to enterprise and learning; for if the priests and monarchs of Thebes were secretly compelled by reflection to acknowledge, that the corrosion of time and the ravages of war might in future ages destroy their temples and palaces, they would have rejoiced in triumphs and feasts, had their imagination suggested the hope, that some of their columns, vestibules, and halls, would have been illustrated and perpetuated in the learned travels of Norden and Pococke. Q.

Nov. 24, 1806.

For the Anthology.

We feel a sincere pleasure in an opportunity of inviting our readers to the works of an original writer. They form a rare curiosity in the modern Lyceum, which invention has stocked with monsters, and where plagiarism has exhausted her powers in deforming, what she could not disguise. The essays of Mr. Foster exhibit in all the novelties of genius the vestiges of Nature, which, among the paste-board scenery and painted passions of our mechanick scribblers, is as delightful,as a rude rock and wild oak,among the chinese gardens and smooth-shaven lawns. Mr. Foster has certainly thought much, which is a peculiarity in our times, when books have supplied the place of reflection,and the writings of others have supplanted our own conceptions and judgment. His researches have not been directed by a wish to gain the authority of great names, but to make his own name an authority for his own sentiments. He has not laboured to give form and system to the suggestions of others, but to develope and impress his own sentiments. His energy supports him through an enterprize, in which he demands submission to his doctrines, and enforces his demand by his own resources. Mr. Foster writes as he thinks. He has expressed bold thoughts in the words, in which they were conceived. His arguments are supported by the language, in which they controled his own judgment. His opinions, in the moment of their conception sturdy as Hercules in the cradle, he has not cramped into form and symmetry with the swaddling bands of rhetorick. His style exhibits the manly majesty of a giant in the games, who challenges superiority more from the vigour of his muscles, than excellence in the art. He has all the ease of courage without the grace of taste. The letter we have selected, as a specimen of his style and sentiments, forms a part of his essay "On decision of character." After considering the evils of an unsettled and irresolute mind, and the advantages of a firm and settled purpose, he proceeds to examine the elements, which compose a decided character. The third letter contains part of this examination.

ON DECISION OF CHARACTER.

This indispensable basis, confidence of opinion, is however not enough to constitute the character in question. For there have been many persons of clear independent understanding, who have been sensible and proud of a much harder grasp of thought than ordinary men, and have held the most decided opinions on important things to be done,who have yet exhibited,in the listlessness or inconstancy of their actions, a contrast and a disgrace to the operations of their understandings. For want of some cogent feeling impelling them toward the practical assertion of every internal decision, they have been still left where they were; and a dignified judgment has been seen in the hapless plight of having no effective forces to execute its decrees.

It is evident then, and I perceive I have partly anticipated this article in the first letter, that another essential principle of the character is, a total incapability of surrendering to indifference, or delay the serious determinations of the mind. A strenuous will must attend on the conclusions of thought, and constantly, as they are matured, go forth to the accomplishment of them with a nervous agency which nothing can divert or control. The intellect of such a man is invested, if I may so describe it, with a glowing atmosphere of passion, under the influence of which the cold dictates of reason take fire,& spring into active powers.

Revert once more in your thoughts to the persons most remarkably distinguished by this decision. You will perceive that instead of quiescently regarding the conclusions, which reason has undergone some labour to form, as an apology for labouring no further, they consider them simply as the preparation for experimental enterprise, and as of no more worth, till so employed, than the entombed lamps of the Rosicrucians. They cannot be content long in a region of such tenuity, as that of mere intellectual arrangements: they go thither, as an ambitious adventurer anciently went to Delphi, to consult, but not to reside. You will therefore find them almost uniformly in determined pursuit of some object, on which they fix a keen and steady look, and which they never lose sight of, while they follow it through the innumerable multitude and confusion of other things, of which the world is full. They pursue it, as a sportsman does a fox, at all hazards, over hill and dale and brook, through wood and brake and every where; and they will grasp it at length unless it go into the earth.

The manner of a person actuated by such a spirit, seems to say,...Do you think that I would not disdain to adopt a purpose which I would not devote my utmost force to effect, or that, having thus devoted my exertions, I will intermit or withdraw them, through indolence, debility, or caprice, or that I will surrender my object to any interference except the uncontrollable dispensations of Providence? No, I am linked to my determination with iron bands; my purpose is become my fate, and I must accomplish it, unless arrested by the sterner force of calamity or death.

This display of systematick energy seems to indicate a constitution of mind, in which the passions are exactly commensurate with the intellectual part, and, at the same time, hold an inseparable correspondence with it, like the faithful sympathy of the tides with the phases of the moon. There is such an equality and connexion, that subjects of the decisions of judgment become proportionally and of course the objects of passion. When the judgment decides with a very strong preference, that same strength of preference takes place also on the passions, and becomes intense devotion. If this strong preference of judgment continues, the passions will therefore be fixed at a pitch of constant energy, and this will produce the style of conduct which I have described. When, therefore, a firm self-confiding judgment fails to make a decisive character, it is evident, that either there is in that mind a deficient measure of passion, which makes an indolent or irresolute man; or that the passions perversely sometimes coincide with judgment and sometimes desert it, which makes an inconsistent or versatile man.

There is no man so irresolute as not to act with determination in many single cases, where the motive is powerful and simple, and where there is no need of plan and perseverance; but this gives no claim to the term Character, which expresses the habitual tenour of a man's active being. The character may be displayed in the successive unconnected undertakings which are each of limited extent, and end with the attainment of their objects. But it is seen to the greatest advantage in those grand schemes of action, which have no necessary period of conclusion, which continue onward

through successive years, and extend even to that frontier of darkness, where the acting spirit itself becomes invisible.

I have repeatedly remarked to you, in conversation, the effect of what has been called a Ruling Passion. When its object is noble, and an enlightened understanding directs its movements, it appears to me a great felicity; but whether its object be noble or not, it infallibly creates, where it exists in great force, that active ardent constancy which I describe as a capital feature of the decisive character. The subject of such a commanding passion wonders, if indeed he were at leisure to wonder, at the persons who pretend to attach importance to an object which they make none but the most languid efforts to secure. The utmost powers of the man are constrained into the service of the favourite cause by this mighty passion, which sweeps away as it advances all the trivial objections and little opposing motives, and seems almost to open a way through impossibilities. This spirit comes on him in the morning, as if it darted directly from the clouds, and commands and impels him through the day with a power from which he could not emancipate himself if he would. When the force of habit is added, the determination becomes altogether invincible, and seems to assume rank with the great laws of nature, making it as certain that such a man will persist in his course, as that in the morning the sun will rise.

A persisting untameable efficacy of soul gives a seductive and pernicious dignity, even to a character and a course, which every moral principle forbids us to approve. Often in the narrations of history and fiction, an agent of the most dreadful designs compels a sentiment of deep respect for the unconquerable mind displayed in their execution. While we shudder at his activity, we say with regret, mingled with an admiration which borders on partiality,...What a noble being this would have been, if goodness had been his destiny. The partiality is evinced in the very selection of terms by which we refer his atrocity, rather to his destiny, than to his choice. I wonder whether an emotion, like this, has not been experienced by each reader of Paradise Lost, relative to the leader of infernal spirits; a proof, if such were the fact, that a very serious errour has been committed in the tremendous creations of the supreme poet. In some of the high examples of ambition, we almost revere the mighty spring of character which impelled them forward through the longest series of action, superiour to doubt and fluctuation, and disdainful of ease, of pleasures, of opposition, and of hazard. We bow to the ambitious spirit which reached the true sublime, in the memorable reply of Pompey to his friends, who dissuaded him from venturing without delay, on a tempestuous sea, in order to be at Rome on an important occasion: "It is necessary for me to go, it is not necessary for me to live."

The spirit of revenge has produced wonderful examples of this unremitting constancy to a purpose. Zanga is a well-supported illustration. And you may have read a real instance of, I think, a Spaniard, who being injured by another inhabitant of the same town, resolved to destroy him: the other was apprized of this determination, and removed, with the utmost secrecy as he thought,

to another town, at a considerable distance, where, however, he had not been more than a day or two, before he found that his enemy was arrived there. He removed in the same manner to several parts of the kingdom remote from each other; but, in every place, quickly perceived that his deadly pursuer was near him. At last, he went to South America; where he had enjoyed his fancied security but a very short time, before his unrelenting enemy came up with him, and effected his tragical purpose.

*****. But not less of this invincible pertinacity has been displayed by the disciples of virtue and the benefactors of mankind. In this distinction, no man ever exceeded or ever will exceed our great philanthropist, the late illustrious Howard. The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it could have appeared in an intermitted form, operating only for a short time, on particular occasions, it would have seemed a vehement impetuosity; but by being continuous, it had an equability of manner, which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy. It was the calmness of an intensity, kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling, almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds: as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one, when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe, in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive, after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable, than the determination of his feelings toward the main object. This object he pursued with a devotion, which seemed to annihilate to his perceptions all others; it was a stern pathos of soul, on which the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling, which he could spare, to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scene, which he traversed; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere man of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; ...no more did he. Or at least, regarding every moment as under the claims of imperious duty, his curiosity waited in vain for the hour to come, when his conscience should present the gratification of it as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, where it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge, for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotick consciousness of duty, as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It im-

plied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do ;* and that he, who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, like the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it stood confest to his sight with a luminous distinctness, as if it were nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise, by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. If it were possible to deduct from his thoughts and actions all that portion, which had not a methodical and strenuous reference to an end, the solid mass, which would remain, would spread over an amazing length of life, if attenuated to the ordinary style of deliberation and achievement. One less thinks of displaying such a character, for the purpose of example, than for that of mortifying comparison.

—

*****. Lady Macbeth may be cited as a harmonious character, though the epithet seems strangely applied. She had capacity, ambition, and courage ; and she willed the death of the king. But he had, besides humanity, generosity, conscience, and some measure of what forms the power of conscience, the fear of a Superiour Being. Consequently, when the dreadful moment approached, he felt an insupportable conflict between these opposite principles, and when it was arrived, his utmost courage failed. The worse part of his nature fell prostrate under the power of the better ; the angel of goodness arrested the demon that grasped the dagger, and would have taken that dagger away, if the pure demoniack firmness of his wife, who had none of these counteractive principles, had not shamed and hardened him to the deed.

The poet's delineation of Richard III. (I better remember the poet's account of him than the historian's,) gives a dreadful specimen of this indivisibility, if I may so name it, of mental impulse. After his determination was fixed, his whole mind, with the compactest fidelity, supported him in prosecuting it. Securely privileged from all interference of doubt that could linger, or humanity that could soften, or timidity that could shrink, he advanced with a grim concentrated constancy, through scene after scene of atrocity, still fulfilling his vow to " cut his way through with a bloody axe." He did not waver while he pursued his object, nor relent when he seized it.

POETRY.

For the Monthly Anthology.

TO W——— C———, JUN., Newport.

BOSTON, SEPT. 6TH, 1806.

.....Tu mitis, et acri
Asperitate carens, positoque per omnia fastu,
Inter ut æquales unus numeraris amicos :
Obsequiumque doces, et amorem quaeris amando. LUCAN.

.....

HAIL, absent friend ! not absent from my soul,
Though mountains rise, and floods between us roll.
Though life no more thy little bark should steer,
Still mem'ry's pencil would depict thee here ;
Her well known art, her darling task renew,
And each bold feature brighten into view.

The flow'rs of Friendship rarely blossom here,
Exotick plants are difficult to rear.
Too cold the soil, they pine in swift decay ;
And if too warm, in languishment away.
'Tis Merchant's land ! Here Genius never sprung,
Nor flourish'd friendship, nor the sons of song ;
For such *vile weeds*, why turn the wealthy soil ?
When *golden apples* grow with half the toil.

Though the pale miser gaze upon his store,
So vastly great he could not wish for more ;
Though mine were all the treasure that I see ;
Ev'n though Pactolus flow'd for only me ;
Forgive, ye Gods, I ask for greater wealth,
Grant me a friend with competence and health.
The friend, I ask, is no mechanick tool,
To sneeze like me, like me to play the fool ;
Not a mere posy, born to give away,
To blossom, bear, and wither in a day.
Nor that strange being, counterfeiting man,
Built, for some whim, on Nature's narr'west plan ;
Who loves you dearly as a brother could,
Yet groans in spirit, if your jokes are good ;
Admires your trifles, yet would kindly hint,
" If he were you, he thinks he would not print."
Pale imp of envy ! child of self distress,
Who gets his death from other's happiness——
Ne'er may I know that sycophantick tribe,
Who flatter, porjure, poison, for a bribe.
Harpies, who Friendship's sacred fane defile,
Who rob by words, and ruin with a smile.
Busy, like bees, round wealthy heirs they fly,
Extract the sweets, and leave the flow'rs to die.
Such, such are they who flutter round the great,
Who bask in pomp, and buz about in state ;
Dealers in air ; these empty fools rely
On one sad choice, to flatter or to die.

Give me the friend, whom vivid genius fires,
Whom judgment tempers, and the Muse inspires.
Though learn'd, yet tinctur'd never let him be
With proud contempt for those less learn'd than he.

Though fortune spread few favours at his door,
Let not ambition move one sigh for more.
Frank to his friend; (nor would he fail to please,
Though free from ribbons, careless of Degrees)
Brave in his cause, when wrong'd by men of sense,
But not tenacious of a fool's offence;
Let him regard not censors in the streets,
Nor heed each *manger-puppy* that he meets.
Candid his censure all my faults to show,
Nor yet unwilling all his own to know;
Let not his heart, in pitying weakness, spare,
But still let feeling hold a mansion there——
Say, lives the friend in whom these virtues shine?
Thanks to the Gods, for such a friend is mine! "S."

For the Monthly Anthology.

TO POVERTY.

O POVERTY! hard-featured dame,
Whence grow the terrours of thy name?
'Tis said, that from thy serious eye
The laughing Train of Pleasures fly;
That, deep within thy mansion rude,
Lurks the black fiend, Ingratitude;
That Toil, and Want, and Shame, are known
To make thy heartless hours their own,
Till Guilt,—his frenzied eye on fire,—
Bids thy last famish'd Hope expire:
Thus speaks the world,—to Mammon true,—
While wrongs thy pleading worth pursue.

To me,—*and I have seen thee near*,—
Though harsh thy withering look appear,
Though stern the Teachers of the Poor,
And hard the lesson *to endure*;
Yet many a virtue, born of thee,
Lives sunder'd from Prosperity.
Religion, which on Heaven relies,
The moral of thy mind supplies;
Pity, with plaintive accent kind,
And *Patience*, to her fate resign'd,
Content thy lowly cot to share
With *Temperance*, dwell as inmates there;
Love join'd by *Truth*; no rival's eye
Wakes to the wish of Poverty:
Yet all the bless'd Affections twine
Round many a rustick haunt of thine,
Close circling, with the nuptial tie,
Joys, which a monarch could not buy.

Though boonless, and to praise unknown,
Oft is the lustred life thy own;
To thee the Priests of God belong;
Thine is the Poet's deathless song;
Thee toiling *Science* lives to claim,
Thou lead'st his thorny steps to Fame;
CREATIVE GENIUS feels thy power
Coeval with his natal hour,
On him the rays of glory shine
Too late...his parting breath is thine.

Let me thy simple glances meet
Near the green hamlet's calm retreat,
Not where the city, throng'd with sin,
Bids all the monster Crimes begin,
Thence will thy timid Virtues fly,
Lured by Seduction's serpent eye;
Thy fate each murdered Hope to see,
While every suffering lives to thee.

Not that along the wintry shore
The fisher plies the wearied oar;
Not that amid the sultry plain
The peasant piles the labour'd grain,
Wilt thou, with frowning brow appear,
To wring the grief-extorted tear:
But, when to wrongs thy sufferings lead,
While Shame and false Reproach succeed;
When *Genius*, doom'd with thee to mourn,
Sees his unshelter'd laurels torn,
While *ignorant Malice* rushes by,
Quick glancing with insidious eye;
When all thy cultur'd virtues move
Nor sense to feel, nor heart to love,
While *Treachery*, under Friendship's guise,
Bids the pernicious falsehood rise,
Still aiming, with envenom'd dart,
To reach the life-pulse of thy heart;
Then, POVERTY, hard-featured dame,
I feel the miseries of thy claim,
Would from thy close embraces fly,
Or 'mid their palsied pressure die.

CAMBRIA.

SELECTIONS.

From "Poems by James Montgomery."

...

THE OCEAN.

Written at Scarborough, in the Summer of 1806.

ALL hail to the ruins,* the rocks and the shores!
Thou wide-rolling OCEAN, all hail!
Now brilliant with sun-beams, and dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
And the silver-wing'd sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulph, or triumphantly ride,
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.
From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
With eager and awful delight,
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee;

....

I gaze,—and am changed at the sight;
For mine eye is illumined, my Genius takes flight,
My soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone to the night-brooding pole.
My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,
Where the billows are rubies on fire,
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
Are sweet as the Phœnix's pyre:
O regions of beauty, of love, and desire!
O gardens of Eden! in vain
Placed far on the fathomless main,
Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown;

* Scarboro' Castle.

Where the Giant of tyranny crushes
mankind,
Where he reigns,—and will soon reign
alone,
For wide and more wide o'er the sun-
beaming zone,
He stretches his hundred-fold arms,
Despoiling, destroying its charms ;
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges
is dry,
And the mountains recoil from the flash
of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the hydra of
trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the
breeze
Its mildewing influence sheds ;
The birds on the wing, and the flowers
in their beds,
Are slain by its venomous breath,
That darkens the noon-day with death,
And pale ghosts of Travellers wander
around,
While their mouldering skeletons whi-
ten the ground.

Ah ! why hath JEHOVAH, in forming
the world,
With the waters divided the land,
His ramparts of rocks round the con-
tinent hurl'd,
And cradled the deep in his hand ?
If man may transgress his eternal com-
mand,
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth
To ravage the uttermost earth,
And violate nations and realms that
should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea!

There are, gloomy OCEAN! a brother-
less clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves,
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into slaves ;
From the homes of their kindred, their
forefathers' graves,
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
They are dragg'd on the hoary abyss ;
The shark hears their shrieks, and as-
cending to-day,
Demands of the spoiler his share of the
prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms
them beneath,
And makes their destruction its sport !
But woe to the winds that propitiously
breathe,
And waft them in safety to port !
Where the vultures and vampires of
Mammon resort ;
Where Europe exultingly drains
Her cordials from Africa's veins ;
Where the image of GOD is accounted
as base,
And the image of Cæsar set up in its
place !

The hour is approaching,—a terrible
hour !
And Vengeance is bending her bow ;
Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow ;
Back rolls the huge Ocean,—Hell opens
below ;
The floods return headlong,——they
sweep
The slave-cultur'd lands to the deep ;
In a moment entomb'd in the horrible
void,
By their Maker Himself in his anger
destroy'd.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-plant-
ed isles,
More lovely than clouds in the west,
When the sun o'er the ocean descend-
ing in smiles
Sinks softly and sweetly to rest ?
—NO !—Father of Mercy ! befriend
the opprest ;
At the voice of thy gospel of peace
May the sorrows of Africa cease ;
And the slave and his master devoutly
unite
To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in
thy light !*

As homeward my weary-wing'd Fancy
extends
Her star-lighted course thro' the skies,
High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,
And turns upon Europe her eyes ;
Ah me ! what new prospects, new
horrours arise !
I see the war-tempested flood
All foaming, and panting with blood ;
The panick-struck Ocean in agony roars,
Rebounds from the battle, and flies to
his shores.
For BRITANNIA is wielding her tri-
dent to-day,
Consuming her foes in her ire,
And hurling her thunder with absolute
sway
From her wave-ruling chariots of fire :
—She triumphs ;—the winds and the
waters conspire
To spread her invincible name ;
The universe rings with her fame ;
....

* Alluding to the glorious success of the Mora-
vian Missionaries among the negroes in the West
Indies.

—But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays !

O Britain ! dear Britain ! the land of my birth !
O Isle, most enchantingly fair !
Thou Pearl of the Ocean ! Thou Gem of the Earth !
O my Mother ! my Mother ! beware ;
For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare :
O let not thy birth-right be sold
For reprobate glory and gold :
Thy foreign dominions like wild graftings shoot,
They weigh down thy trunk,—they will tear up thy root :—

The root of thine OAK, O my country ! that stands
Rock-planted, and flourishing free ;
Its branches are stretch'd over far-distant lands,
And its shadow eclipses the sea :
The blood of our ancestors nourish'd the tree ;
From their tombs, from their ashes it sprung ;
Its boughs with their trophies are hung ;
Their spirit dwells in it :—and hark ! for it spoke ;
The voice of our Fathers ascends from their oak.

"Ye Britons ! who dwell where we conquer'd of old,
Who inherit our battle-field graves ;
Though poor were your Fathers,—gigantick and bold,
We were not, we would not be slaves ;
But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,
The spears of the Romans we broke,
We never stoop'd under their yoke ;
In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone,
—The world was great Cæsar's—but Britain our own.

"For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,
We wrestled, were foil'd, were cast down, but we rose
With new vigour, new life from each fall;
By all we were conquer'd :—WE CONQUER'D THEM ALL !
—The cruel, the cannibal mind,
We soften'd, subdued, and refined ;
Bears, wolves, and sea-monsters, they rush'd from their den ;
We taught them, we tamed them, we turn'd them to men.

"Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven bands,
The tenderest, the strongest of chains !
Love married our hearts, he united our hands,
And mingled the blood in our veins ;
One race we became :—on the mountains and plains
Where the wounds of our country were closed,
The Ark of Religion reposed,
The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,
And the Temple of Justice in Mercy was raised.

"Ark, Altar, and Temple we left with our breath,
To our children, a sacred bequest !
O guard them, O keep them, in life and in death :
So the shades of your fathers shall rest,
And your spirits with ours be in paradise blest :
—Let Ambition, the sin of the Brave,
And Avarice, the soul of a Slave,
No longer seduce your affections to roam
From Liberty, Justice, Religion, AT HOME !"

THE FOWLER.

A Song ; altered from a German air, in the opera of "Die Zauberlôte."

A CARELESS, whistling Lad am I,
On sky-lark wings my moments fly ;
There's not a FOWLER more renown'd
In all the world—for ten miles round !
Ah ! who like me can spread the net ?
Or tune the merry flageolet :
Then, why, O ! why should I repine,
Since all the roving birds are mine ?

The thrush and linnet in the vale,
The sweet sequester'd nightingale,
The bullfinch, wren, and woodlark, all
Obey my summons when I call :
O ! could I form some cunning snare
To catch the coy, coquetting fair,
In CUPID'S filmy web so fine,
The pretty girls should all be mine !

When all were mine,—among the rest,
I'd choose the Lass I liked the best,
And should my charming mate be kind,
And smile and kiss me to my mind,
With her I'd tie the nuptial knot,
Make HYMEN'S cage of my poor cot,
And love away this fleeting life,
Like Robin Redbreast and his wife !

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere vero assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.——PLINY.

ARTICLE 60.

A new translation with notes, of the third Satire of Juvenal. To which are added, miscellaneous poems, original and translated.— New-York, printed by S. Gould for Ezra Sargeant. 12*mo. pp.* 200. 1806.

THIS volume is introduced by a letter from a friend, who condemns the whole mass of American poetry in a manner, which gives us reason to expect, that the translator is to appear elevated far above the common herd, and to stand forth as the deliverer of the American Muse from that state of durance and abjection, in which she has so long remained. "*The Conquest of Canaan, Greenfield-Hill, McFingal, The Vision of Columbus*, and *The Progress of Genius*," are among the works which incur his censure. "These and others which might be cited, he remarks, lived very harmlessly, and suffered little injury; they offended no one, and no person felt disposed to offer violence to them; and as they lived peaceably, so they died quietly. Let us not therefore presume to trouble their repose." "*The Power of Solitude*" has not escaped our epistolary critick. But, however faulty the passage he has selected for his remarks, the reader will not think his apprehension, lest he should appear somewhat "hypercritical," altogether groundless.

We could say something in praise of *McFingal* and the *Vision of Columbus*, were this the place to appear as their advocates. We could say much of the *peculiar propriety* of denouncing such performances in a preliminary epistle to one of the humbler satires of Juvenal, and some smaller poems, not more in bulk, than a few columns of an ordinary newspaper would afford. We could say still more of the *modesty* of the *author* in admitting this rude and indiscriminate attack upon his predecessors and superiours. But this modern Achilles is not rendered altogether invulnerable by the waters of adulation, in which, through paternal (we presume) rather than parental tenderness, he has been faithfully immersed. Nor has this process given him that confidence in his own prowess which it seems designed to have afforded. He has generally yielded the precedency to Mr. Gifford, and he has not been scrupulous in following his interpretations, and frequently borrowing his rhymes, and copying his verses with little variation of language. From a very cursory comparison of the two translations we have selected a few, out of numerous examples, to evince the correctness of our assertions.

At folly's whims their hands applauding raise. *Anonymous.* v. 156.

At deeds of shame their hands admiring raise. GIFFORD. 162.

.....Undoubting, throws away,
For one embrace, a tribune's ample pay.
Anon. 190.

.....These, forsooth, can fling away
On Catiene a tribune's ample pay.
GIF. 206.

Quit, quit those benches, angry Lectius cries,
Those benches are the knights', nay, quick arise. *Anon.* 218.

Up, up! those cushion'd benches, Lectius cries,
Are not for such as you; for shame! arise. GIF. 234.

The chances of the town then all bewail,
When all at fires with double hatred rail.
Still flames the pile, when lo! the flatterers haste,
And pour their riches to supply the waste. *Anon.* 313.

All join to wail the city's hapless fate,
And rail at fire with more than common hate.
Lo! while it burns the obsequious courtiers haste
With rich materials to repair the waste. GIF. 324.

To rail *at* fires must be somewhat awkward and uncomfortable; and the declaimer, who should be overheard *reproaching with insolence* the aspiring flames, instead of using his exertions to extinguish them, would do it at the hazard of being ridiculous.

A sweet retreat at smaller cost than here
Thou hir'st a dungeon for a single year. *Anon.* 329.

Some elegant retreat for what will here
Scarce hire a gloomy dungeon for a year. GIF. 340.

Much could I add, more reasoas could I cite
To justify my hate and urge my flight. *Anon.* 460.

Much could I add to prove this exile right,
And make you own the justice of my flight. GIF. 478.

Farewell, my friend, farewell; yet, ere we part,
I charge you bear me mindful on your heart. *Anon.* 465.

Farewell, my friend; with this embrace we part;
Cherish my memory ever in your heart. GIF. 484.

No one will contend that these and numerous other resemblances of the same kind could be mere accidental coincidences. The same sentiment, circumscribed within the same limits, in similar language, and the same rhyming words, and admission even of the same peculiarities of expression, are sufficient proofs of our author's freedom with Mr. Gifford. There are other more trifling marks of imitation, on which we shall not dwell; such as similar expletives, and exclamatory phrases in parallel passages; as, ye Gods! for Mr. G.'s heavens! both equally unauthorised by Juvenal; and a resemblance in a construction of the verses of the two authors in the translation of the same passages.

The author of the translation before us has ascribed no particular character to his work; and indeed it is difficult to ascertain it very exactly. He is seldom scrupulously faithful to Juvenal, and generally loses those finer parts, which make the very spice of satire. He would seem quite unaspiring in his views; for he *presumes not to enter the lists with Mr. Gifford.* We cannot suspect him of such an intention. He is not sufficiently independent for a rival. He has a guide of whom he rarely loses sight; for he generally follows where Gifford leads. His

apology for publishing is one, which we have heard before, but wish *never* to hear again. It is, that the production is American. By admitting such an apology as this, we should concede that every literary man among us writes for a very inferiour order of readers. We are of the number, who value a book according to its abstract merit; and have too much pride to listen with patience to writers, who, in the style of our author, undervalue their countrymen so much, as to tell them, in effect, the specimens we give you from our literary mines will doubtless be esteemed precious by *you*, but in England they would be ranked among the baser metals. The republick of letters, as it has been termed, especially as including nations, speaking a common language, is *one and indivisible*. There is an universality in its laws, which no minor portion of it has a right to violate; and it is absurd to affix different standards of good writing, where all have access to the same principles, and all are ultimately liable to be arraigned before the same tribunals.

Without presuming to guess what freedom the unknown translator proposed to himself in his undertaking, we shall first select one or two passages in which we find more of our author, than of Juvenal.

According to Juvenal, Umbritius, after satirizing several vices prevalent at Rome, which *he* detested, and with which he was not himself conversant, adds,

Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius, et cui fervens
Æstuat occultis animus, semperque tacendis? Ver. 49.

But whilst the great my zeal and service scorn,
What virtues, say, the chosen friend adorn,
To whom they dare the secret soul reveal?
The holy league by mutual guilt they seal;
He shares the heart in these polluted times,
Whose conscience pants with secret, nameless crimes. Ver. 75.

The simple inquiry is, *who is now in favour, except the man whose breast is tormented with secret crimes, which he never dares disclose?* But our translator makes the virtuous and voluntary exile complain of the contempt, which his *zeal and services* had met with, and talks of the *holy league* (of scoundrels) sealed by mutual guilt, &c.; all which freedom may answer very well for paraphrase, but is no property of a translation.

Another selection which we make is the conclusion of a passage, which describes the venal state of Rome, and the universal power of bribery in the purchase of favour and security.

Plena domus libis venalibus; accipe, et istud
Fermentum tibi habe: præstare tributa clientes
Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia servis. Ver. 187.

The clients run and all their presents bear.
'Tis thus the fav'rite swells his growing store,
Receiving still and asking still for more;
For since these slaves alone the patron sway,
This is a tax we all are forced to pay. Ver. 270.

Without remarking upon the translator's neglect of the first part of the original here quoted, of which kind of neglect we shall cite some other examples presently, we cannot but notice the wonderful fermentation of the latter part of this passage in its progression into English. Far be it from us to question our author's skill in his *laboured commentary* and *subtle in-*

ference; but it is Juvenal whom we wish to hear, and not the loquacious paraphrast, nor the acute logician.

There are here and there passages, which the translator has seen fit to pass over unnoticed; sometimes probably to aid his metrical arrangement, and sometimes, perhaps, from a little embarrassment in obtaining the sense.

Thus in the 14th line, *quorum cophinus foenumque supellex*, which Mr. Gifford translates,

"Whose wealth is but a basket stuffed with hay,"

is entirely omitted. Again,

.....domus interea secura patellas
Jam lavat, et buccâ foculum excitat, et sonat unctis
Strigilibus; et pleno componit lintea gutto.
Hæc inter pueros varie properantur.
Ver. 261.

His fellow slaves, meanwhile exempt from care,
With fruitless haste their several tasks prepare. *Ver.* 384.

The slaves, with whom these are contrasted, were exposed to all the dangers of the streets of Rome, while *they* were safe under their master's roof, ministering to his wants and his pleasures. But what their services were, the reader, (if perchance he should not understand the original) will derive no information. All the particularity of Juvenal has fallen through the translator's sieve, and only the coarser and less valuable matter is left behind. That the slaves performed some tasks (not perhaps with *fruitless* haste) we are slightly informed; but nothing transpires relating to the nature of their services. We hear nothing of the *washing of dishes*, or, as Mr. Gifford is pleased to refine it, of the *scouring of plate*; nothing of their *culinary vigilance*, nor of their complicated preparations for the *luxury of the bath*.

It is a great excellence of a translation to give to the mere reader of his vernacular tongue, as much of the author's account of manners, and customs, and employments, &c., as the genius of the modern language will admit; and, if possible, to preserve even the allusions in some degree of purity. We often mark a great failure in this respect in the translation before us. Indeed the examples of this defect are so numerous, that to select them would extend our review much beyond the limits to which it is entitled. We shall therefore cite but one instance more.

Juvenal tells us, that justice was so much corrupted at Rome, that the first question, in establishing the credibility of a witness, concerned his wealth.

.....Quot pascit servos, quot possidit agri
Jugera, quam multa magnaque paropside coenat.
Ver. 141.

Say what his slaves, his equipage, his land? *Ver.* 201.

This timidity of our author, lest he should be too loquacious, is not natural to him. We do not relish this affectedly elliptical line; and *equipage*, the vague and feeble interpretation of the *quam multa magnaque paropside coenat* of Juvenal, is far from satisfactory.

We have spent the more time on this performance, because it holds the most conspicuous place in the book, and is a species of composition, in which our country has afforded but few adventurers. It is not probable, that the author will long be willing to risque his fame upon this "exercise in the art of versification." It contains no passage eminently vigorous, and seldom approaches the manner of Juvenal. It is but just to add, that

there are few things in the work very censurable; and indeed how could there be, when the author wanted that poetick fire, which alone can infuse even into a translation of a Roman satire, the true spirit of that species of writing? We say, it contains little that is very censurable. There are some passages where we find words combined in a manner neither elegant nor correct; such as, "far more present," "chief (most) detest," "breathe a wretched vow" (for prayer.) The word *rhetor* is retained in the translation for rhetorician, which is also one word in a doggerel catalogue of professions, (lines 113-14) that will infallibly make the reader laugh. The examples of bad rhymes and false measure are very few; fewer than what may be found in the same satire in Mr. Gifford's translation.

While the author of London, an imitation of the third satire of Juvenal, was unknown to Pope, we are told, he exclaimed in the words of Terence, "*ubi, ubi est celari non potest;*" but we shall wave our curiosity to know the author of the translation, till in his own language, —waveringly prophetick indeed,

> "Perhaps, emboldened by the voice of praise,"

he shall again appear before the publick, and, in a tone more commanding, claim admission *into the temple of fame.*

There are several smaller translations in this volume, from ancient and modern poets, in which there is little to censure or to praise. Two odes from *Anacreon*, a war song from *Tyrtæus*, an ode from the Spanish of *La Vega*, and portions from *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*, are among the number. Of the translations from Tasso, the author remarks, "if, upon comparison, they should be found to convey a juster representation of the original, than the corresponding passages of Mr. Hoole's version, the superiority must be ascribed to the peculiar fitness of blank verse, as the medium of translation, where the original is so remarkably distinguished by energy, majesty, and simplicity of style." We shall enter into no controversy with the writer on this subject. Hoole, in his Tasso, has always delighted us, and delighted the more for having, in imitation of his original, added to his correct versification the pleasing ornament of rhyme, which is *not* incompatible with true sublimity. We do not say that a translation of Tasso, as good as Mr. Hoole's, can never be produced; but we are confident, that our author has too much modesty to stand forth for the prize of *superiority*.

The most considerable in length of the poems in this volume, called *original*, is one entitled "*The Triumph of Woman.*" "There is," the author remarks, "a considerable hiatus in the manuscript of this poem; should the publick add *valde deflendus*, it may possibly be supplied." The *publick* has hardly sensibility enough to weep on such occasions. We perused it in the night, and, perchance, shed a tear. In some instances we have remarked, in the smaller poems, an affected use of obsolete terms. If our poets continue this practice, (for others are guilty of the same) we shall soon have to repair to *Ben Jonson*, or the *old ballad*, for a glossary to poems of the nineteenth century. Another species of affectation in this writer is the peculiar and repeated use of the infinitive, with the omission of its appropriate sign *to*,—as, *wont inspire, deign impart, chuse impart.*

Sonnets compose a considerable portion of the original poetry ; but as our author cannot expect to build his fame on the airy fabrick of sonnets, we make him no apology for neglecting them. Altho' there are pieces in this collection, which we are not disposed to censure, we think the writer has still before him the arduous task of establishing his reputation as a poet. He certainly undervalues, or sadly neglects, the harmony of numbers; and, though he sometimes writes good sense, he fails in that *callida junctura*, or dextrous combination of words, which Horace, the great arbiter in matters of taste, tells us gives to an old thought the semblance of novelty.

There are a few small poems in this volume, communicated by the friend, who wrote the introductory letter. These are sometimes accompanied by a little marginal praise, which, as it is a mark of our author's *gratitude*, we highly approve. In the lines *addressed to a lady*, there are several verses which gave us pleasure ; and, as we always wish our readers to participate with us the sweet as well as the *bitter*, we conclude with the two following verses :....

The trickling tears which flow'd at night
Oft hast thou stay'd, till morning light
  Dispell'd my little woes ;
So fly before the sun-beam's power
The remnants of the evening shower,
  Which wet the early rose.

As oft his anxious nurse has caught,
And sav'd his little hand, that sought
  The bright but treach'rous blaze ;
So may fair wisdom keep him sure
From glitt'ring vices, which allure
  Through life's delusive maze.

ART. 61.

Memoirs of Richard Cumberland. Written by himself. Containing an account of his life and writings, interspersed with anecdotes and characters of several of the most distinguished persons of his time, with whom he has had intercourse and connexion. New-York, published by Brisban & Brannan. 8*vo. pp.* 356.

FROM the life of Cumberland we had expected much, and our expectations are not disappointed. Yet our gratification has not been uniform or uninterrupted. When the literary veteran speaks of his own services in the world of letters, he commonly fixes attention ; when he talks of the wits, his contemporaries, he is always listened to with pleasure ; but he wishes us besides to be acquainted with all the branches of his family, with his masters and his rivals at the university, whose names we have seldom heard before, and of whom we shall never inquire hereafter. Much of his book is also devoted to his political concerns, and this we could contentedly have spared.

The chief difficulty in reading this work arises from the want of dates. The events of one season after another, from youth to age, are related by the biographer without designating the years, in which they happened ; and he talks of the next spring, or the next winter, when we can hardly determine them with more certainty, than the chronology of Priam.

Of those productions, to which the world has showed little kindness, the author gives us large extracts. In the decline of life the offspring of his youth seem dearer to him than those of his maturity, and he vainly wishes them to be received into the same company.

The tedious transcripts in pages 85, 188, 341, besides most of the ninety pages of his diplomatick transactions in Spain, increase the cost of his book, while they add little to its value. During the visit to the lakes of Cumberland, "the sun," says our author, "was never very gracious to our suit;" nor can this excite surprise, if his refulgence was only to be hoped from the languid invocation he has copied for us.

Of the style the general character is ease without grace, and it sometimes falls below the simplicity of conversation towards vulgarity. "I declare to truth" is is not the language of a gentleman. The thoughts are lively rather than instructive. There are few profound observations; but many animated similies, and many unexpected combinations.

The anecdotes of the well-known characters of Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Foote will be often perused with delight. Of Garrick, whose sphere was remote from his own, Cumberland speaks in the most generous and deserved commendation; but the domain of Goldsmith borders on the province of the biographer; and, in his notes of praise, we distinguish the tone of a rival.

From the account of those persons, whose virtues are less known than their names, we extract for general information the character of Lord North. "When in process of time I saw and knew Lord North in his retirement from all publick affairs, patient, collected, resigned to an afflicting visitation of the severest sort, when all, but his illuminated mind, was dark around him, I contemplated an affecting and an edifying object, that claimed my admiration and esteem; a man, who, when divested of that incidental greatness, which high office for a time can give, self-dignified and independent, rose to real greatness of his own creating, which no time can take away; whose genius gave a grace to every thing he said, and whose benignity shed a lustre upon every thing he did; so richly was his memory stored, and so lively was his imagination in applying what he remembered, that, after the great source of information was shut against himself, he still possessed a boundless fund of information for the instruction and delight of others."

The last words of Viscount Sackville, more known in our country, as Lord George Germaine, do honour to the memory of a man of talents. "You see me now in those moments, when no disguise will serve, and when the spirit of a man must be proved. I have a mind perfectly resigned, and at peace within itself. I have done with this world, and what I have done in it, I have done for the best; I hope and trust I am prepared for the next. Tell not me of all, that passes in health and pride of heart; these are the moments, in which a man must be searched, and remember, that I die, as you see me, with a tranquil conscience and content."

The heart of the author, as evidently appears from many places in his narration, is of the most amiable disposition, deeply imbued with

> ....."all the charities
> Of father, son, and brother."

Though his family misfortunes allow us not to exclaim, happy old man! with more fervency than Horace we shall pray, serus in cœlum redeas.

ART. 62.

The Philadelphia Medical Museum. By John Redman Coxe, M. D. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. Philadelphia, Archibald Bartram, for Thomas Dobson.

PERIODICAL publications may be considered one effect of the new direction, which the genius of Bacon gave to the powers of the mind. Before that era of true philosophy the medical art was obscured by hypothetical reasonings, founded on fancied properties of matter, or on the combination of certain elements, which existed only in the writings of the philosophers. From absurd theories resulted curious and unfortunate modes of treatment ; and the evident incongruity, arising from the application of preconceived hypotheses to the cure of diseases, drew from a celebrated ancient physician the observation, that medicine was merely a "conjectural art." The revolution, however, which the method of reasoning by induction produced on most of the physical sciences, was gradually extended to that of medicine. Theories were deserted for facts, and speculative opinions for the knowledge of the operations of nature. The science of medicine acquired new principles, and assumed a new character. Hence resulted the anxiety of philosophers to collect facts, and, from the same principle, proceeded the extensive epistolary correspondence, which, for a long period, was attached to eminence in the medical profession. Physicians were eager to obtain some portion of that practical knowledge, which the patriarchs of medicine were able and willing to impart. But this mode of communication was laborious in execution, and limited in effect. The calls of duty, and the fatigues of practice, allowed but little time to be devoted to the arranging of those ideas, and description of those cases, which an acute and habitual observation had gradually collected. The inconvenience, resulting from this mode of publication, added to the conviction, that many useful observations and important discoveries were lost, merely through want of a proper vehicle to convey them to the publick mind, first suggested the idea of periodical works. The advantages of these were soon obvious. So soon as it was known, that detached portions of practical knowledge might be published, unconnected with systems, and unsupported by theories, every one was willing to contribute his share of experience to the publick good. Works of this nature multiplied, and were soon disseminated thro' almost every nation in Europe.—Periodical publications, in fact, may be considered the indices, which mark the progress of the sciences. They are the depositaries of those researches and discoveries, which acute and sagacious minds have collected on those branches of general science, to which each of these works is respectively appropriated.

In our own country the progress of this great improvement was extremely slow. For a long period we were contented to reason on the facts, and practise on the principles of European systems. Societies for the advancement of medicine have successively pledged themselves to favour the publick with their transactions, but that responsibility, which is efficient in an individual, becomes weakened by extension. The ardor scientiæ, which glows in the bosoms of a few, is often extinguished by diffusion. This impediment is to be discov-

ered in moral causes. Our country is certainly capable of affording rich and abundant materials for works of this nature. The territory of the United States is of immense extent, and comprehends within its boundaries, every variety of soil, and almost every modification of climate. Our fields are still unexplored by the botanist, and our mountains by the mineralogist. New diseases have arisen, whose origin and nature are still the subjects of controversy among our physicians; while the diseases of Europe, modified by our climates and modes of living, require new applications and different modes of treatment. Knowing, therefore, that we possess inexhaustible stores of new matter, it was with much pleasure we opened the work before us, the third of the kind devoted to medical pursuits, published in this country. In the formation of a work like this, the first object of attention, undoubtedly, for its importance, is a collection of facts on our diseases, particularly our autumnal epidemicks. It is well known, that the most respectable physicians of the southern and middle states have been and still are engaged in a controversy, respecting the origin, the nature, and the modes of treatment of the bilious remitting fever. A collection, therefore, of authentick documents, relative to this disease, so as to form a regular chronological account, may tend to elucidate these disputed points, and consequently to mitigate that rancour, with which this contest of opinion has been conducted, and which has thrown no small degree of odium on the medical profession, Next to these we class accounts of the vegetable and mineral productions of our own country. Here we find open to our view a rich field of inquiry. This branch of knowledge has been too much neglected. Physicians of the interiour have, from necessity, acquired a kind of empyrical knowledge of our indigenous plants. This, however, has been in general confined within their own sphere of practice. Yet medicines, for which the physician of the city is indebted to his retort and crucible, are often found by the "culler of simples," ready prepared in the great laboratory of nature. To these should be added accounts of the variations of the weather, and of diseases connected with these states.

The Medical Musuem, each number of which appears every four months, is divided into three heads. The first is devoted to original communications; the second, denominated the Philosophical and Medical Register, contains extracts from European journals, and gives accounts of those discoveries, which tend to the advancement of medicine and of the sciences, with which it is connected; the third division is simply an enumeration of new publications. The limits of a review will not permit us to examine in detail the multifarious productions, by which works like these are necessarily constituted. We shall only briefly notice those papers, which appear valuable to us for practical observations, or for the successful exhibition of new remedies in the cure of diseases. On the yellow fever we find several communications. The first volume commences with the account of Dr. Mitchell, of the fever in Virginia, in 1741-2. This is communicated by Dr. Rush, and is the same, if we mistake not, to which he refers in his own work on that subject; and which gave him the hint, that first led to the

adoption of his new mode of treating that disease. This paper is followed by some observations found in the note book of Dr. Kearsley, sen., on the difference between the disease described by Dr. Mitchell, and that which appeared in Philadelphia about the same period. At page 22 commences a series of letters from Dr. Drysdale to Dr. Rush, on the yellow fever of Baltimore in 1794. We have neither time nor inclination to enter on the discussion of the merits of the theories, advanced by the professor of medicine at the school of Philadelphia, and published in the last edition of his works. We shall only observe, that the elaborate work of Dr. Drysdale is evidently a very close imitation of the style and peculiar arrangement of his celebrated medical prototype. They are, however, written with ability, and, we presume, with truth ; and we consider them as valuable additions to the mass of facts, already collected on this formidable disease. At page 60 we have some cases from Dr. Rush on the efficacy of the ac tite of lead in the cure of epilepsy. From his observations it appears, that in three cases, in which the exhibition of this medicine produced a radical cure, the subjects were under the age of puberty. On adults, however, he thinks its salutary action merely temporary. It was with much pleasure therefore, that we perused the account of Dr. Spence, (vol. II. p. 150) who believes himself cured of this formidable disease by the use of this medicine. It is worthy of observation, that during the progress of cure, the system discovered many of those effects, which seem to be excited only by the exhibition of mercury, particularly those local symptoms, by which the action of the latter is characterised. Its effects also on the alimentary canal very nearly resembled the symptoms of the colica pictonum. It may be questioned, whether the salutary operation of the sugar of lead might not be produced by a more gradual exhibition, by which those unpleasant consequences produced in Dr. Spence might be avoided. At any rate, this paper deserves consideration for its practical importance, though we are by no means disposed, with the Doctor, to ascribe its beneficial effects to the co-operation of lunar influence.

In the first volume, p. 189, we find an important paper, by Dr. Physick, of Philadelphia, on the use of blisters in checking the progress of mortification. It is unnecessary however to notice every individual paper. It is sufficient, we think, to mention the very respectable names of Rush, Physick, Dewees, Woodhouse, and of Coxe the editor, as authors of a great proportion of these communications, to insure a favourable reception of the Museum. On the subject of our indigenous medicinal plants, the inquiries of Dr. Coxe are, in some degree, superseded by the labours of Professor Barton, the editor of a periodical work, a considerable portion of which is exclusively devoted to this important branch of medicine. The communications, however, of Dr. Mease and of Dr. Watkins, published in the Museum, must be considered valuable additions to our domestick materia medica.

The second division of the Medical Museum is made up of extracts from European publications on discoveries or improvements in chemistry, or the arts ; of medical news and of domestick jour-

nals of the weather, of diseases, &c. We notice with much pleasure a considerable portion of it devoted to subjects connected with the cow-pock. On this interesting disease the editor has not only made copious extracts of new and important facts, published in European journals, but added all the the remarks and useful information he has gradually collected relative to vaccination in our own country. In volume 2d, p. 200, he has presented us with the very interesting examination of Mr. Goldson's second pamphlet, by Dr. Pearson of London, read before the Vaccine Institution, Golden-square. We recommend this paper to the perusal of those whose minds may have been thrown into a state of oscillation, by an acquaintance with that publication. We cannot refrain from mentioning in this place an extract from a letter from London, p. 93, volume 2, in which the writer laments the fatal effects resulting from the exhibition of quack medicines. Mr. Clayton of Yorkshire has cautioned the publick against the use of "Ching's worm lozenges." We shall extract his short account. "He stated that he had two children to whom he administered this medicine. One of them died shortly after, but his disease was attributed to worms, with which he had long been afflicted. Within a very short period the elder survivor became dangerously ill, *a complete salivation ensued*; medical aid was now procured, but too late to relieve the child, who died in great agony within a few hours. On dissection, a large portion of mercury was found in the intestines. A coroner's jury was assembled, who, together with the surgeon, gave this verdict, 'Died by mercurial poison, administered in the form of Ching's Lozenges.' We hear with much satisfaction, that the Medical Society of London is taking effectual measures to discover these evil spirits of quackery, with an intention of banishing them from society, and holding them up as proper objects for the contempt and detestation of the world.

In the Register we find some valuable abstracts of meteorological observations made at Philadelphia. These would have been rendered more useful by the addition of an account of diseases, connected with different states of the weather, though the necessity of this is in some degree obviated by journals of the diseases at the Philadelphia Dispensary.

The third division of the Museum is simply an enumeration of new medical publications. We cannot help regretting, that the register was not, in some degree, curtailed, or the limits of the work extended to make room for reviews of new domestick or of republished European works, on subjects connected with the science of medicine. This would be interesting to all, but particularly to physicians, who, residing at a distance from our capital cities, have no opportunity of ascertaining the value of a work, before they have risked a purchase. By judicious observations on new publications, they will be enabled at once to perceive those, which are calculated to aid them in their practice, rather than merely to ornament the shelves of their libraries. We hope the able editor of the Museum will give the characters of the works, which he may enumerate in his subsequent numbers. Upon the whole, we consider the Philadelphia Medical Museum as a very respectable publication. We have

perused the multifarious productions in these two volumes with much satisfaction, and not without improvement. We have compared it with several European publications of the same kind, and find it inferiour to none in execution. It is remarkably free from typographical errours. The engravings, since added by the editor, though not promised in the prospectus, add much to the value of the work, and are favourable specimens of the engraphick powers of Lawson. We sincerely hope, that Dr. Coxe will meet with that encouragement from the publick, which his attention and abilities as an editor and the respectable character of his work have led him to expect.

ART 63.

Foscari, or the Venetian Exile; a Tragedy in five acts, as performed at the Charleston Theatre. By John B. White. Charleston, printed for the author by J. Hoff, No. 6, Broad-street. 1806.

TRAGEDY, according to Aristotle, *is an imitation, in ornamental language, of an action important and complete, and possessing a certain degree of magnitude, having its forms distinct in their respective parts, and by the representation of persons acting, and not by narration affecting, through the mean of pity and terrour, the purgation of such passions.*

This *propositum* of the great Stagirite partakes as much of the nature of a definition, as of a rule; for that, which was once necessary, continues indispensable, and the original intent of tragedy has now the permanency of usage, and the security of prescription. It is, however, much to be lamented, that the part of the poetic, which treats of tragedy, is only abstract and elementary, and that the mind has not the satisfaction of its history from so authoritative a source. Its origin is only to be traced in the obscurity of mythology through the confusion of vague theorists and countless commentators. That tragedy, however, originated in ancient divine worship is very plain. Its first appearance is evidently in the hymns, which were sung in honour of Bacchus, at the sacrifices of the goat,* its bite being particularly destructive of the vine. This sacrifice grew into an annual festival. The hymns and songs were increased, and dancing was added to the musick of the chorus.

The first state of every human invention is imperfect. As it is a principle in the physical world, that all things, at their production, are subject to increase and maturity, so is it an ordinance in intellectual creation, that every thing, invented by human intelligence, is capable of improvement; and therefore every great system, at its origin, is no more than the inception of perfection, or the first act of successive improvement. This truth is more familiarly proved by observing and tracing the effects, on men generally, of those institutions which were made for

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* Hence the word *Tragedy*, from Τραγος and ωδη. The commentators, not content with this most natural and obvious interpretation, have given us several. Some of them turn Τραγωδια into Τραγυδια, and so derive it from Τρυξ, the lees of wine, with which the old actors besmeared their faces. Others inform us that τρυξ signifies new wine, a skin of which was usually given to the poet, like the butt of sack to our laureat. —Francklin's Disserta. on ancient Tragedy.

their amusement. At first, there is a very powerful charm, arising from the invention; but as soon as the novelty subsides, they eagerly look for something more to supply its place. Such is the uneasiness of delight with a populace, that they cannot be long gratified, unless the additions of pleasure be made commensurate with the extent of their power of being pleased. This was what gradually improved and perfected tragedy. The sameness of the hymns of the chorus fatigued, and, in order to relieve the audience, Thespis invented, and rehearsed in character, some tale in the intervals of the chorus. Still satiety and repletion were wearisome, and it was left for Æschylus to perform so much by improvement, that he is justly denominated the father of tragedy. The single personage, which Thespis introduced in the intervals of the chorus, wanted interest; Æschylus therefore introduced a second, and thus formed dialogue and episode. These raised action and interest, and a continuity of events followed, which awakened, and closely possessed the attention of the audience, till the chorus was almost forgotten, or, at most, retained only as an auxiliary in the drama.

The constituent parts of ancient tragedy were, the prologue, the episode, the exode, and the chorus.

The prologue answered to the exordium in oratory, giving an idea, in some measure, of the whole. It afforded sufficient insight into the construction of the drama, so as to excite interest in the audience, without admitting it so far, as to take away the effect of what was to succeed, and operate as surprise. This answers to the first act of modern tragedy.

The episode is all that part of the tragedy, which was between the hymns of the chorus, and contained the whole of the plot. This answers to our second, third, and fourth acts, containing all the important parts of the fable. The Stagirite is so strict and rigid in his rules of episode, that he forbids the introduction of any matter, to make a part of it, which could possibly be taken away, without being missed. Much therefore depends on the episode, so that the plot be conducted to produce the most unexpected peripeteia, and the most sensible pathos.* This division determines the character of the dramatick poet.

The exode was that part which was recited, after the chorus ceased singing, and is our fifth act, containing the catastrophe and disentangling of the plot.

It has been a question in dramatick criticism, whether modern tragedy has been injured, or improved, by the omission of the chorus. Whether a set of constant spectators to the general action, and sometimes coadjutors in it, and always attendants on the high characters, would not give and receive more interest in what was delivered and passed before them, than can be effected by modern arrangement. The heroes of latter tragedy have to communicate their schemes, secrecies, and sufferings to the audience through an insipid confident or a trusty servant, or the strong convulsions of passion subside in the tedium of a long soliloquy. What can be more absurd, than a high-wrought female character communing with a drab, and deli-

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* Περιπετια is an unexpected reverse of fortune in the persons acting, necessarily or probably arising from the incidents; παθος is that part of the action which is either fatal or painful.—Arist. Poet. Ch. XII.

cate misery seeking sympathy from a chambermaid, made up of all the tarnished gewgaws of the wardrobe. There is something also most repugnant to common sense and experience in the doctrine of monologue or soliloquy. In hearing soliloquy, the audience must suppose one of two things, viz. the actor talking to himself, or thinking aloud. In real life, a man, who is in the habit of the former, is invariably the subject of laughter and ridicule; thinking aloud is mere metaphor. But in the presence of the chorus, the hero was amongst his own friends, and, of course, had a plain dramatick right of addressing them, and communicating to them his purposes and feelings, which reached the ear of the audience, without absurdity or disgust.

Another defect of modern tragedy is in general action and display. The ancients, though they had no variety of local scene, had a magnificence in the drama, which is almost altogether wanting in our own. The *cothurnus* is now reduced to the common shoe. So little attention was once paid to the splendour, and even propriety of costume, that such a character as Cato was flourishing and flouncing on the Drury-Lane stage in a big sleeve coat and full bottomed periwig, and thus were metamorphosed the heroes of ancient times,

"A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags."

Shakespeare, who needed, less than any writer, splendour and display of action, has more than any of the modern school. Tragedy, from solemnity of sentiment and pomp of language, requires representation, filled with magnificence and grandeur. Every tone is solemn, so ought to be every step, and the cause and effect of sentiment and action to be correspondent and proportionate.

Aristotle lays down *effect* as the true test and proof of excellence in drama. This canon of antiquity is altogether favourable to the pretensions of modern tragedy. If Melpomeme could sit in judgment on her Æschylus and Shakespeare, her Sophocles and Otway, and her Euripides and Rowe, would not the spirits of her younger offspring receive the lustre of her smile? But, however high and bright these names may stand, together with the convention of Congreve, Southern, and Young, for the latter times of tragedy we must hide our faces. Holme and Douglas, and the Carmelite and Cumberland, live long in their dotage, and we think it not rashness to predict, that their tragedies will be, by and by, amongst the rubbish before the flood; and if Cumberland be not remembered by his Carmelite, Gustavus and Brooks, and the Grecian Daughter and Murphy, must be also forgotten.

We have been tracing the sober steps of the Muse through the dusky paths of antiquity, and been charmed with her demure and plaintive mein, as she stalked with slow and solemn pace through more modern times. Her air was then mighty and majestick, her tones thrilling, and her utterance deep, her visage contemplative and sorrowful, her eyes full, and dim with grief, and as they were lifted upwards, their lashes hanging with tear drops. But, in our own country, how is she her own caricature! Her change, with us, is like that of the actress, who, a few moments

past, was holding our senses and passions in chains, in the character of lady Macbeth, now scolding in Nell ; or the weeping Belvidera holding forth in the vulgarity of Betty Blackberry. The Hibernian Burke has entertained us with the *bullbaiting* of " Bunker Hill ;" and we forget the name of the youth, who played such Tom-Thumb-tragedy with the woes of " Edwy and Elgiva." He, whose eyes have been parched with the dry lines of the " Persian Patriot,"* will remember them only from annoyance, and its dry author—as

" A meagre muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare !"

But enough of these " thin third-night" authors.

For so much preliminary matter we have to offer, in apology, the barbarism and ignorance, under which tragedy labours, on this side the water.

Foscari is fit for criticism, and therefore holds the first rank in American drama. Indeed, this is something with a beginning, a middle, and an end, containing a certain share of dramatick action, sentiment, and ornament of language.

The fable runs thus :...Foscari, son of the Doge of Venice, was banished to the island of Candia, having been charged with the murder of Count Donato, one of the council, and father of Almeria, to whom Foscari was betrothed. The play opens with Foscari's return from a five year's exile, being remanded to Venice, on account of his soliciting relief from the Duke of Milan. This being a high offence against the state, he is again arraigned before the council, and banishment for life is decreed against him. Count Erizzo, the enemy of the family of Foscari, in love with Almeria, persecutes him with deadly enmity. Before Foscari departs, he obtains an interview with Almeria, when Erizzo and his accomplice, Policarpo, rush on Almeria ; Foscari fights them in her defence, and in the struggle Policarpo, through mistake, stabs Erizzo. Erizzo, in his last agonies, sends for the Doge, confesses his guilt, and avows the innocence of his son, and himself the murderer of Count Donato. Trouble turns Almeria mad ; and as soon as the Doge informs his wife Valeria of the innocence of their son, they receive intelligence of the death of Foscari, who dies on his way to the ship, in which he was to embark for Candia.

If the rule of tragedy be true, and it comes from too high authority to be doubted, that the character of the poet is rather derived from the composition of the fable, than the verse ; because imitation constitutes the poet, and the fable is the imitation of an action, Mr. White cannot hold the highest elevation. His fable and his plot have no novelty, and not much interest. As a tragedy, we hardly know where to look for its peripetia, and where to feel for its pathos. Foscari has evidently no change of fortune whatever, for he is just as miserable at his first appearance, as at his last ; he enters in his return from exile with a new political crime, and all his additional

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* There is another tragedy, produced by a *Rhode-Island Poet ;* we forget its name, as well as that of the sublime author. Amongst its bright touches, are these lines :

" *One hundred pounds, in* CONTINENTAL MONEY,
To the man, who first shall scale yon high walls ! "

misery is the extension of his banishment, which was the necessary consequence. The pathos is scarcely perceptible in his hero; Foscari suffers not enough, and his dying off the stage with only a very short, and rather a ridiculous, narration of his death, gives the audience not even a chance for grief or surprise. The poet has not altogether forgotten to excite pity, though he has neglected terrour; what is wanting in the latter, is amply made up in the former. The character of Almeria is tender and affecting. Her frensy scene, though long, is no where disgusting; and if that high-wrought action, which ends in madness, be not absolutely disgusting, it must produce very powerful sympathy. Erizzo is an old-fashioned rascal, and Policarpo a worn-out assassin. The character of the Doge is manly and dignified, and through the whole is very plainly and thoroughly delineated. Some of the scenes between him and Foscari are happy and affecting, and display the truth of paternal and filial affection.

Enter Doge, (to Foscari.)

Do I behold my long lost son again?
The only prop of my declining age!
Fos. O, let me cling about thee!...
Let me kiss
Those aged feet that bear thee to thy son.
(Embracing his father.)
Doge. This is too much for nature to support!
Thou hast unman'd me!...
Fos. My dearest father,
Do I then hold thee in these arms once more?
Do my lips press again thy aged cheek?
Do I hear again that dear, that tender voice?
O! speak, my Father,...Speak to me!
Doge. My son,
My soul is faint and overcome with grief;...
What can I say of comfort to my child?
Fos. Do I behold those eyes o'erflow with tears,
And find, unmov'd, no moisture from my own?
Alas! the tears that once could overflow,
And gush like fountains from these eyes, are now
Grown dry, and cease to spring at sorrow's call.
Doge. Thou wilt have greater need, my son, for tears,
When thy fond mother's arms are open wide
To clasp thee to her bosom: For trust me,
She looks with tenfold greater anxiousness
Tow'rds the approach of that blest moment,
Than e'er she did towards thy natal day.
Fos. Then bear me to her on the wings of speed,
Let my light steps not touch the earth
Until I throw me at my parent's feet!

Act III. p. 25.

The verse of Mr. White is generally harmonious, though not sufficiently lofty and majestick for tragedy. Some of his lines have, however, much firmness.

.....See where the ruffian stalks along,
And mark how eagerly he pants for blood!
I've listened oftimes to the hungry wolf,
When neighbouring caves have answered to her cries,
And echoing woods returned the lengthened yell;
Still her sad howl ne'er seemed so terrible,
As the detested voice of that fell villain.

The continuity of the dialogue is one of the excellencies of the tragedy before us; there are no breaks and pauses of sense in its parts, and no irregularity of the transition of sentiment in the characters, though the rule of Aristotle is not altogether followed, as regards the entireness of the episode, for many scenes might be taken out, without being missed.

The poet would have made his verse more various, if his lines had been more frequently irregular. The introduction of a redundant half-foot, or the eleventh syllable, is often used by the best writers. Rowe, whose language is the most perfect model of tragick verse, seems particularly fond of it.

"Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;
Let it be marked for triumphs and rejoicings,
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes,
This happy day, that gives me my Calista." *Fair Penitent.*

And this writer, in some instances, departs from pentameter directly into hexameter.

"In watchful councils and in winter camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness."

Foscari has some detached passages, which show delicacy and considerable powers of description in the author. We regret, that we are obliged to make an offset to them. How does the meagre and beggarly Muse limp through these barren passages.

Eriz. Truly my lord,
The unparallel'd misfortunes of thy son,
The fall'n honour of thy house, the stain that—
Doge. Say not the fallen honour of my house,
For still I trust, unsullied stands my name:
The misfortunes of my son, my noble Lord,
Will ne'er be made to stigmatize my house,
And tho' his honour may at present be
Obscur'd by passing clouds of envy, yet
Will his innocence, I trust, disperse them,
And leave his name untained by reproach.
Eriz. To pass five years in exile, and under
Imputation, foul as that of murder,
Is a reproach not wip'd away with ease.
Doge. Truly, my lord, I ne'er should seek thy aid
To vindicate my name, tho' blacker than thine own.
Eriz. So then, my lord, I've rous'd thy indignation;
By hell, I'm glad to know thou hast some temper...
I've touch'd thee in a tender point, I find—
Doge. Hold, hold...thy pride becomes offensive,...Count,
Thou dost forget thyself.
Eriz. Most bravely said...
Perhaps Erizzo may still more offend
When he demands to be inform'd the fate
Of lady Almeria.
Doge. Yes, signor...yes...
Thou shalt hear it,...to thy shame shalt hear it...
'Twas no other than thyself who drove her
From the world....She hopes by close retirement
To avoid thy gross solicitations.
Act I. p. 11.

The madness of Almeria, as was observed before, produces very forcible sympathy. Her frensy, like Ophelia's, has something in it, which bewitches the fancy, and so touches the heart, that he, who has not felt his dry balls of sight moistened for years, must "shake the holy waters from his eyes" in the scene between lady Valeria and Almeria. We transcribe it, as the warmest expression of praise for the poet's powers in tender and exquisite misery.

Enter Almeria, drest fantastically, her hair flowing in wild disorder.
Val. My sweet Almeria, how fares it with thee?
Alm. Good, my lady, this is a day of mirth,
Of great rejoicing, throughout all Venice:
I am glad to day, my heart has holiday;

O, I could dance for joy !...But do you know
The cause of all this mirth ? Young Foscari,
They say is to be married....O, no ! he's dead !—
Dead ? 'tis impossible !...No, no,...not dead,
'Tis only five years since I saw him last,
So 'tis impossible he can be dead !
Val. Sweet Almeria, tell me the cause of this ?
Alm. Ha !...I see you're making preparations
For the wedding ; look...I've adorn'd myself,
Altho' some told me 'twas a funeral.—
Val. Lovely Almeria ! thou wilt distract me !
Alm. Now, pray tell me, how do you like this hood ?
Say,...doth it well become a youthful bride ?
How gay you all appear !...They told me this,
To laugh at me !...Ah ! poor, poor, Almeria !
She has no one now to love her !...No ! No !—
But no matter....I will dance and be happy—
Shall I dance for you, lady ?...Nay, don't frown !
No...I'll sing a funeral dirge...because
Foscari is dead ! No one loves me now !
Val. I love thee, sweet maid,...most dearly love thee :
Come, O, come my beloved to my arms !
Alm. Throw away that corpse, then I will come to thee :
How can you hug that lifeless body so ?
See ! it is putrid ! but it is Foscari's,
So I too, will clasp it to my bosom.

(She rushes into Valeria's arms, then suddenly bursts into a convulsive fit of laughter.)

But I have no cause to laugh...he's dead !
I have cause to weep, for when he implor'd me
On his knees to hear him, why I did laugh.—
How merry you all appear, while I am sad !—
Rejoice with me, lady....I am going to marry.
I have n't seen my intended husband yet,
Tho' I shall not take a grim lord to my arms.
—I shudder at the thought....for his touch, they say,
Is very cold,....'twill chill my blood with horrour !
But see...even the Doge himself is merry ;
Merry, because his son's about to wed,
So I'll go deck his nuptial bed with flowers. [*Exit.*

ACT V. pp. 45—46.

It is needless to say, after so many favourable specimens, what Mr. White is capable of performing in tragedy, with a little correction. He, who has done so much well, will probably do more better. So favourable a beginning promises a very successful end ; and, by long and silent communion and meditation with the Muses, our poet may, hereafter, catch a smile and a beck from Melpomene to a seat in their temple.

ART. 64.

The Trial of the Journeymen Boot and Shoemakers of Philadelphia, on an indictment for a combination and conspiracy to raise their wages. Taken in short hand, by Thomas Lloyd. Philadelphia, B. Graves. 1806. *fcp.* 159.

THE cities of the United States flourish and rapidly increase in population, wealth, arts, and commerce. With these it is reasonable to expect an influx of their concomitant vices and inconveniences. Regular government and strict internal police are necessary to preserve order and administer justice, where the business and concerns of man are so multiplied and complicated. Gain is the occupation of all ; and the powerful love of lucre, like the principle of gravitation, impels to action even stocks and stones. Co-operation and concert are so useful to a multitude, pursuing a common end, that wefrequently find brethren of the same craft constitut-

ing communities, enacting by-laws, and sanctioning them by the severe penalties of ignominy and ruin to the disobedient. These associations frequently contravene the rights and are very vexatious to other classes of citizens. *Rushworth*, in Hist. Coll. records the speech of a member of parliament on this subject. "It is a nest of wasps, or swarm of vermin, that have overcrept the land. These, like the frogs of Egypt, have gotten possession of our dwellings, and we have scarce a room free from them. They sup in our cup. They dip in our dish. They sit by our fire. We find them in the dye-fat, wash-bowl, and powdering-tub. They have marked, and scaled us from head to foot. We may not buy our own cloathes, without their brokage. These are the suckers, that have suckt the commonwealth so hard, that it is almost become hectical. They have a vizard to hide the brand; they make by-laws, which serve their turn to squeeze us and fill their purses."

These combinations are certainly injurious, and wise policy dictates that they should be repressed. By them all the members are placed on equality, and consequently ingenuity, skill, and diligence are deprived of their reward. The ignorant and indolent, who compose the majority of every class, naturally advocate measures, which elevate them, and depress their superiours. Unfortunately our legislature has not looked with an indulgent eye on all applications for incorporations, and has strengthened bonds, naturally too strong to be severed by the sword of justice.

This pamphlet contains the report of the trial of journeymen boot and shoe-makers for a combination against their masters. The indictment against them contains two counts—1st, for contriving and intending, unjustly, and oppressively, to increase and augment the wages usually allowed them. The other for endeavouring to prevent, by threats, menaces, and other unlawful means, other journeymen from working at the usual prices, and that they compelled others to join them. This cause, it appears, considerably agitated the body of tradesmen in the city. There were retained in the prosecution and defence of the action some of the most able and eminent counsellors of that city, whose forum is thronged by honourable, eloquent, and learned lawyers. After a solemn discussion of the question the Defendants were convicted and punished.

In the correctness of the decision all sound lawyers, and all who wish for internal peace and industry, will acquiesce.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

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Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

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The New American Practical Navigator. To be published in Feb. 1807. Newburyport, Edmund M. Blunt.

PROPOSED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

A Theological Dictionary, containing definitions of all religious terms; a comprehensive view of every article in the system of divinity; an impartial account of all the principal denominations, which have subsisted in the religious world, from the birth of Christ to the present day; together with an accurate statement of the most remarkable transactions and events recorded in ecclesiastical history. By Charles Buce. Philadelphia, W. W. Woodward.

Six Sermons on the following subjects: 1. On the love of God to his creatures. 2. The Christian's evidence of his having passed from death to life. 3. The finite nature of things which are seen, and the eternal nature of things unseen. 4. The momentary nature of the good and evil of this world. 5. God's love to Zion. 6. The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. By Rev. Walter Fernes, late pastor of the Universalian church in Charlotte, Ver. pp. 120. Price 42 cts.

Compiled by Rev. Hosea Ballou, of Barnard. Randolph, Ver. S. Wright.

The Improvement of the mind. Containing a variety of remarks, and rules for the attaining and communication of useful kuowledge in religion, in the sciences, and in common life. By I. Watts, D. D. The book to contain 384 pages 12mo. on fine paper and small type. Price to subscribers $1 per vol. bound. Bennington, Ver. A. Haswell.

Now ready for the press, and will be published immediately after the next session of the general assembly of Virginia, Volume 2d of the Revised Code; by a gentleman of the bar. Large 8vo. Price $5 to subscribers. Richmond, Vir. Samuel Pleasants, jun.

A complete system of Geography, ancient and modern, in 6 volumes 8vo. By James Playfair, D. D. Principal of the United College of St. Andrew's; Historiographer to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; F. R. S. F. A. S. Edinburgh; and author of "A System of Chronology." Philadelphia, J. Watts.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, a poem, by Walter Scott, Esq. 12mo. Boston, Etheridge & Bliss.

Collins, Perkins, & Co. of New-York propose to put immediately to press, a new and valuable work, entitled, *French Homonysms*, or a collection of words, similar in sound, but different in meaning or spelling. By John Martin, professor of languages in New-York.

INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICA.

A number of persons, residing in the western part of the state of New-York, of whom several are represented as learned and opulent foreigners, naturalized here, have formed themselves into a church, or religious association, upon principles which exclude polemick questions and sectarian peculiarities. They disclaim human formularies of faith, as tests of christian communion, referring their members to the scriptures as the only rule of belief and practice; and they appear to think the liberty of religious inquiry and profession, unrestrained by the fear of temporal inconvenience, compatible with the interests of truth and virtue. Under the auspices of this description of persons, a society for promoting christian knowledge and practice is instituted, who have endeavoured to call the attention of the enlightened and serious publick to the objects of their association by the following publication.

At a meeting on September 20, 1806, of the *Society for promoting the knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures and the practice of the Gospel Doctrine*, Resolved to make the following publication :—

The members of the *Society for promoting the knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures and the practice of the Gospel Doctrine*, informed by extracts, lately published from the minutes of the *General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Churches* in this state, of the laudable endeavours of that High Reverend Body, to promote the interest of the Redeemer's Kingdom, think it becoming their character and christian profession, to cooperate with these endeavours, according to their ability, and in view of the situation allotted them by Divine Providence. The limited circumstances of the people of these western parts do not enable them at present, to afford pecuniary aid to their more wealthy brethren in the mercantile cities, for the particular purpose specified in the printed extracts of the General Synod. On the contrary, from the known generosity and affluence of our brethren, we might hope for pecuniary assistance from them, were they duly apprised of the various and increasing enemies of our Lord by whom we are surrounded. Notwithstanding the eminent blessings of a spiritual nature enjoyed at the hand of a merciful providence, our situation is rendered truly disagreeable by a growing fanaticism and enthusiasm which degrade the pure and excellent faith of our divine Master, and by a demoralizing infidelity, which, while it successfully triumphs against the absurd inventions of men, sacrilegiously attached to the religion of Jesus of Nazareth, proudly boasts of victory over christianity herself. Having deliberated on the radical causes of the prevailing evil and candidly dicussed the subject among ourselves, we are apprehensive that a shameful ignorance, on the one hand, and a disposition for licentiousness on the other, combine to give it birth, and that its only remedy lies in the diffusion of religious knowledge, and in a more exemplary deportment among the professed friends of the christian cause. Aware, however, of the difficulty of

comprising in a single view the various causes, direct and remote, which contribute to the sad phenomenon: at the same time sensible, that the true causes must be apparent before our exertions to remove it can be directed in such a manner as to furnish a well grounded hope of success, the Society propose to their enlightened christian brethren the following questions; upon which the answers are expected before the first day of December, 1807, in a fair legible hand, copied by another, with a *Symbolum*, as usual, the author's name written in a separate sealed paper, superscribed with the symbolum of his dissertation, and forwarded with the dissertation, free of postage, to the Rev. John Sherman, Secretary of the Society.

I. What are the principal causes of the increasing fanaticism, enthusiasm, and infidelity within the limits of the Middle and Eastern States?

II. What are the most potent remedies for these moral diseases?

III. In what manner may these remedies be the most successfully applied?

The crowned dissertation upon these questions shall be published, and the author shall receive a premium of FIFTY DOLLARS. The second shall be noticed with an *accesset*.

Members of the Society, who write upon the subject, shall sign their dissertations with their proper names, without being candidates for the prize.

The Society also propose the following questions for 1808. "*What degree of knowledge in Oriental and Greek literature, Jewish antiquities, and Ecclesiastical History, is requisite to qualify a minister of the gospel to silence the cavils, and successfully to refute the objections of ancient and modern infidels, against the Jewish and christian revelations?*"

The *Society for promoting knowledge, &c.* appeal to the hearts of their christian brethren of all denominations, to co-operate with them in the important cause.

Each member of the society pays two dollars at his admission, and one dollar annually, so long as he continues to be a member.

Donations in money for the general purposes of the society, or in useful books and tracts, particularly *Bibles*, to be distributed among the poorer classes, will be thankfully received.

The money to be transmitted to Col. A. G. Mappa, treasurer, and the books (free of expense) to the Rev. John Sherman, minister of the Reformed Christian Church, both residing in Trenton, county of Oneida, and state of N. York.

A statement of the concerns of the society shall annually be made at their general meeting.

Signed by order of the Society,
JOHN SHERMAN, Sec'ry.

The *Reformed Christian Church*, in association with the members of the United Protestant Religious Society in the town of Trenton, Oneida county, and state of New-York, informed of the laudable exertions of the "*General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church*" to establish a "*Professorate*," for the purpose of obtaining a more learned ministry, and thus to promote a correct and general knowledge of the sacred scriptures, have (though unable to contribute to this laudable undertaking of the General Synod) unanimously resolved, in view of their own situation, to co-operate so far in the general object of diffusing christian knowledge, as to make a collection twelve times a year, (viz. nine times at Oldenbarneveld, and three times at Holland's Patent, beginning with the first Sunday in October) for the following religious purposes:

Resolved 1st. That one half of the money collected, shall be entrusted to the Rev. John Sherman, our minister, for the purchase of books and tracts, written to promote the knowledge of the christian doctrine, who shall circulate them among the members of the church and society, and supply with bibles those of them whose low circumstances may require this aid.

Resolved 2d. That the other half of the money collected shall be placed in the hands of the Treasurer of *The Society for promoting the knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures*, to be disposed of by said society in aid of the benevolent purposes of their institution.

Resolved 3d. That the Rev. John Sherman shall be qualified to open a correspondence with, and to receive applications from any churches or religious societies, for the purpose of uniting and co-operating upon a more extensive scale in promoting the christian cause; provided he do not obligate the church or society in any manner whatsoever, without their previous consent or approbation.

Resolved 4th. That, as the *Religious Protestant United Society*, and *The Reformed Christian Church*, are constituted by persons of different denominations,

the members of the church, in order that the publick may be acquainted with their religious standing, deem it becoming to publish the articles of their union.

Articles of union of the members of the Reformed Christian Church.

I. We acknowledge the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to contain a revelation of God's will to mankind, and that they are in matters of religion, the only standard of doctrines and rules of practice.

II. We acknowledge that no other confession or test of christian fellowship and standing in the visible church of God ought to be established than that which Christ and his apostles made necessary, or on which they received believers in the gospel—Mat. xvi. 15, 16, and 17. Acts viii. 36 and 37. 1 John iv. 15, and 1 John v. 1.

III. Liberty of conscience shall be preserved inviolate. Every member shall be maintained in his right of free inquiry into the doctrines of scripture; in publishing what he believes the scriptures contain, and in practising according to his understanding of his duty. This liberty shall not be abridged, as to his understanding and practice respecting the ceremonies, ordinances, or positive institutions of christianity.

IV. The government and discipline shall be according to the direction of our Lord in Mat. xvii. 15, 16, and 17. The executive authority of the church shall be vested in the minister, the elders and deacons; but if any one suppose that by the church there mentioned, is intended the brotherhood generally, he shall have the liberty of referring his cause for adjudication to the body at large.

V. The officers of the church, elders and deacons, shall be chosen by ballot, and hold their office during the pleasure of the church, or choose to decline serving any longer.

VI. The mode of admission to the church shall be, that any person wishing to become a member, shall make known his desire to the consistory, the minister, elders, and deacons, who shall, if the applicant be a person of good moral character, refer his case for decision to the church at large.

VII. The Lord's Supper shall be celebrated four times a year, twice at Oldenbarneveld, and twice in Holland's Patent, on such particular Lord's days as shall be found convenient.

VIII. The name by which this church is designated shall be, *The Reformed Christian Church.*

By order of the meeting,
JOHN SHERMAN, Moderator.

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We are informed that Mr. John Watts, of Philadelphia, is about to put to press a new and valuable work entitled the "Stranger in England." It is said to contain a more satisfactory and particular account of Great Britain, than any work which has hitherto appeared. In it the character and manners of the English, Irish, and Scotch are depicted in a style which marks the hand of a master and the judgment of a connoisseur. Rich with anecdote and critical remark, it presents not only a veritable picture of the present state of that country, in its moral and political relations, of which so little is at present known, notwithstanding our constant intercourse with it, but also exhibits a novel and highly interesting scene to the view of the traveller and the scholar. To this country such a work is invaluable, and we announce it with a full confidence that it will prove in no small degree gratifying to every class of readers.—U. S. Gaz.

Letters of Lord Lyttleton.—The subscribers intend to commit to press, in a few weeks, the first American edition of the "Letters of Lord Lyttleton the Younger." Conditions will soon be published, and subscription papers presented to the lovers of fine writing.

WRIGHT, GOODENOW, & Co.
Troy, N. Y. Oct. 1806.

The publick will we gratified to hear that a small volume of poems, written by Charlotte Richardson, with whose interesting life we have been acquainted through the medium of several periodical publications, has lately come to hand, and will be reprinted by Kimber, Conrad, & Co. of Philadelphia, in the course of a few weeks.

Fine Arts.—Mr. D. Edwin of Philadelphia has engraved and is now publishing, a very accurate and elegant *View of the Blood Vessels of the Human Body*, executed under the direction and with the assistance of Dr. Wistar. The execution of this engraving reflects great credit upon the skill, talents, and accuracy of Mr. Edwin, and will be found extremely useful to the students in physick and surgery, as well as to others who may wish to acquire a knowledge of the anatomy of the hu-

man body, particularly in regard to the blood vessels.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

The following arrangement has been made at the Royal Institution for twelve courses of lectures, to be delivered the ensuing season, by the undermentioned gentlemen. 1. On Chemistry, by H. Davy, F.R.S.—2. On Natural Philosophy, by William Allen, esq. F. L. S.—3. On English Literature, by Rev. T. F. Dibdin.—4. On Moral Philosophy, by Rev. Sidney Smith, A.M.—5. On Dramatick Poetry, by Rev. William Crowe, L.L.B. Publick Orator of the University of Oxford.—6. On Zoology, by Geo. Shaw, M. D. F. L. S. Librarian to the British Museum.—7. On Belles Lettres, by Rev. John Hewlett, B. D.—8. On Musick, by W. Crotch, M. D. Professor of Musick in the University of Oxford.—9. On the History of Commerce, by Rev. Edward Forster.—10. On Drawing in Water Colours, W. M. Craig, esq.—11. On Botany, J. E. Smith, M.D. F.R.S. and President of the Linnean Society.—12. On Perspective, by Mr. Wood.

GERMANY.

It is not without sincere satisfaction that the admirers of Gessner's Muse, and the amateurs of the arts will learn that his family has engaged Charles William Kolbe, an eminent German engraver, to give to the publick, at a moderate price a series of the best landscapes executed by Gessner. That artist has obtained permission of his patroness, the princess of Dessau, to devote some years to this purpose at Zurich itself, amidst the family and the friends of the amiable poet. The first number of this work has recently made its appearance. It contains four prints in large folio, representing two of the best pieces in water colours in the collection of Gessner's widow, and two drawings in the cabinet of the princess of Dessau. The two first are known by the titles of the Fishermen and the Fountain in the Wood. The subjects of the two others are pastoral scenes taken from the Idyls: Daphnis, and Phillis, and Chloe. The execution proves that the honourable task of introducing these performances to the notice of the publick could not be confided to abler hands. M. Kolbe, deeply impressed with the spirit and the manner of his model, has rendered his conceptions with equal feeling and accuracy.

An important fact with regard to the theory of electricity, has recently been discovered by M. Bienvenu. By varying his experiments he has found, in contradiction to the received opinion, that glass and rosin produce the same kind of electricity, and that the difference depends upon the rubbers. With a cat's skin he electrizes an electrophorus of rosin, which manifests negative electricity: an electrophorus made of a piece of glass, and rubbed with a cat's skin, manifests exactly the same kind of electricity as that of rosin. This experiment proves that if the conductor of an electrical machine constantly gives positive electricity, the reason lies in the morocco cushions, which possess the property of developing the electricity of glass, which, received on the conductor, communicates to it a positive electricity. To prove this, he substitutes cushions of cat's skin in their stead; the glass is then negatively electrized, and the conductor furnishing it with the electricity it has lost, manifests a negative electricity.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES, &c.

from Oct. 20 to Nov. 20, 1806.

THE temperature of the atmosphere has been pretty equable during the past month. The weather generally fair, yet varied, with moderate rains, and some snow. The most prevalent winds have been the north-west, next to that the south-west, and then the north-east.

The cases of disease have been much diminished in number this month. The most common complaint continues to be *fever*; accompanied with local inflammation more rarely than before. A few cases of *cholera* have occurred; of *cynanche maligna*; of *rheumatism*, and of *pneumonic inflammation*.

ERRATA.—In the first page of the last Anthology, in Mr. Adams' Disquisition, the first sentence of the 6th paragraph should read thus:—

"Philosophy! which ages of superstition idolized as a Divinity, and which, though stripped of those false trappings, still retains attributes and attractions, worthy the homage, and challenging the love and admiration of man in every age."

In the lines "On listening to a Cricket," last line of 2d and 10th verses, for *shall* read *shalt*—In 6th verse, 1st line, for *faithful* read *fitful*.